Julie's Slide Into Depravity

Ch. 1

Julie was furious. This should have been the best day of her life! Her Fourteenth birthday on the Saturday after the last day of school! A party to start everybody's Summer would put her at the top of the pecking order. Now it was ruined!

Julie was a good-looking girl. She had broken five feet at the beginning of last August and now, May 13th, she was five-two and ninety pounds. Raven-black hair and ivory skin. Her boobs arrived last summer and continued to grow to her present 32-B's. The only problem was, that along with the boobs, puberty also brought body hair. Long and black like that on her head. It flowed in front of her ears as small sideburns. It clustered around her navel. Her forearms were darker than the boys! If her jeans didn't extend to the ground, hair cuffed around the edge of her pants. Sandals were out of the question. It exploded out from under her armpits. And her underwear (or, heaven-forbid, bikini bottom!) looked like it was being ingested by some wooly caterpillar! It stuck out the top where it joined her treasure trail. It stuck out the sides where it continued to just above the inside of her knees. It began in earnest below her knees as a
dense carpet that ran to the top of her feet. Julie's mother said that she was too young to shave. She had to wait until she was sixteen!

Julie was totally flustered. On the night of her party, the forecast was for
eighty-five degrees. How was she supposed to wear long pants, sleeves and

closed toed shoes? Besides, there was talk of sneaking down to the lake later. She didn't want to be a furball in the middle of all those silky smooth other girls!

Well, she had saved her allowance and bought a sweet, black, way-above-the-knee
skirt, a yellow halter-top and black, four inch spike heels and white lace socks for her party. The morning of the party, she snuck her mother's razor, a fresh blade and some lotion into the restroom. She covered the offending areas with lotion. She then began to carefully scrape off her curse. When she was done, she had only a few small nicks. Even her little puss was smooth and void. She was feeling quite proud until she looked at her boobs. "Shit! You've gotta go too!" She carefully removed the dozen or so hairs from around each nipple. She liked the size and full shape of her new boobs, but she hated her nipples. The areolas were almost non-existent but dark like her nipples which were about the size of the ends of her little fingers and just as long. They never did anything, just stayed hard sticking straight out! She'd heard the other girls talking and theirs seemed to be soft most of the time.

Her mom left the house before she got out of the shower, to complete arrangements for the party that evening. Julie paraded about the house naked all morning and most of the afternoon. She was an only child and her father had died just before she was born, so nobody else would be in her way. She looked over her guest list. Nearly everyone that she invited would be there - almost sixty people! Some had wanted to bring dates or friends, but they had to be carefully screened. No other races. They were inferior and dirty. Blacks were the worst. Mom had always taught her that blacks were filthy and vile. A black man had killed her father in a botched burglary. He had then approached Mom, who promptly emptied a .357 Magnum into his groin. Stories said that the man had crawled all the way to the

street before dying.

No blacks.

There was a knock on the door. It was Tim Parsons! Julie had had a crush on Tim since sixth grade. The party wasn't for hours. Why was he here now? Julie threw on her robe. She noticed that it felt good on her newly smooth skin.

"Hi, Tim. Why so early?"

"Well, Wanda and I broke up yesterday. I was wondering if it would be O.K. if I came by myself."

Julie thought that this was a good opportunity. "Of course not, Tim!", she said. "I'll be alone too. You can hang with me."

"That'd be great! Thanks. What's up now?"

Julie looked down at her attire. "I'm getting dressed."

"Oh! I'm sorry! I guess I just..."

"It's O.K. Just be here at seven."

"Sure. Thanks." he said and bent down to give her a hug, then a kiss.

Julie had never been kissed by a boy before. Now she was being kissed by the boy that she'd had a crush on for a year! As she kissed him, two things happened. One, his tongue entered her mouth. This made her light headed. So much so that she didn't notice that event number two was that her robe opened up. This made event number three really bad...Mom walked in.

"Julie!" Mom sternly said. Surprised, the two separated revealing Julie's naked front and her covertly shaved body! "Julie!" Mom screamed this time. "Go to your room, I'll be there momentarily!" Then turning to the completely shocked Tim, "Get out of my house! Don't ever return! I will be in touch with your parents!" Tim was out in a flash.

"You whore!" Mom screamed as she stormed up the stairs to Julie's room. "I work myself to death giving you a good, safe home and the best party of the summer and you are fucking boys in my house?!

"No, Mom, Tim just gave me a hug!"

"Missy, hugs do not involve sticking your tongue down a young man's throat while you rub your naked body against him!"

"For one, his tongue was down my throat and my robe just fell open!" Julie retorted.

"Open your robe!"

"What?" said Julie.

"Open your robe. Now."

Julie opened her robe, revealing her now smooth body.

"Aha! You did this for him!"

"No Mom," Julie explained, "I did it for me!"

"Against my explicit command!" The pause was stifling. "You are grounded for the rest of the summer. You are not to leave your room except for meals!"

Julie was mortified. "You can't!"

"Watch me. And that little Romeo of yours, I'll see that he spends some time Juvenile Detention!"

"You can't!"

Julie's Mom gave a subdued evil smile. "You watch me...whore."

"Mom, I..." Julie began.

"You do not talk until I tell you to! You whore!"

Julie's Mom slammed the door.

Julie was too mad to cry. She grabbed her backpack, and began putting a few things into it. In went a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, some cover-alls, thick-soled sneakers and her book of friend's phone numbers. She then put on the outfit she had bought. She looked in the mirror and decided that her bra made the sheer yellow halter-top look lumpy. She took off the bra and

threw it on the floor. She didn't look again to see how her dark brown, perky

nipples showed through! She also didn't notice that the black leather

mini-skirt revealed all when she bent over even slightly. She then went out

the window and down the trellis. She was hot. Both mad hot and sexy hot as

she walked down the street.

After an hour or so, she had made it about two miles from her neighborhood. She was walking along the highway when she noticed a Harley parked on the shoulder. It was chopped and raked (terms that she learned from the boys) and had leather everything.

"Hey babe!" said a man who looked like he could double for ZZ Top only scruffier. "Where ya headed?"

"I'm not sure, just away from here." said Julie.

"Wanna ride?"

"O.K." said Julie somewhat hesitatingly.

"Well, I'm not sure your old enough. B'sides, ridin' ain't free."

"I'm plenty old enough, but I don't have any money."

"I didn't mean money."

"Well, I don't..." Julie began, but the biker grabbed her and stuck his tongue almost down her throat. At the same time, he grabbed her ass with

one hand and groped her left tit with the other. He reeked of the road, beer, cigarettes and of not bathing. Yet, Julie found it exciting and intriguing. As he let her go, he said "That, not money! That'll get you a ride 'til I gas up again."

"And then?" Julie asked.

"And then you walk or pay some more!"

He strapped Julie's pack to the rack on the back of the hog. He climbed onto it and Julie slung her leg over the seat and wrapped her arms around this unnamed stranger. It was only then that she realized that she wasn't wearing any underwear!

Chapter 2

After a long ride, the sun was beginning to go down. They were far out of town

and civilization seemed a long ways away.

They approached a roadside bar with two gas pumps out front. Julie's new

acquaintance pulled in. "I have to pee" said Julie as she walked to the

single

door marked "Grunts & Cunts." "Don't leave without me!"

"I won't."

Julie opened the door and an absolute reek hit her nostrils. There was a

single stall with no door. The toilet was full of shit and piss. She flushed

it. Before it went down, it overflowed. It was only then that Julie noticed

that there was no seat. She turned as she heard the door.

"You done yet?" It was the biker.

"No, it's pretty bad in here."

"Well get it done, 'cause I gotta go."

Julie started "Well, I don't know..."

"GO!"

"Yes sir!" said Julie. She began to stand on the rim to avoid the filthiness.

"No, sit down."

"But It's filthy!"

The biker reached down and grabbed Julie's tits and picked her up by them.

Tears pooled up in her eyes. "Do you want to ride with me?" he demanded.

"Yes." Julie gasped.

"Yes, what bitch?"

"Yes sir!" said Julie.

"From now on, you answer to 'Bitch', and I'm Bruno. Got it?"

"Yes sir, Bruno!"

"Very good. Now put your ass on that rim." said Bruno.

"Yes sir." She said as her ass and legs contacted piss-wet lumps of shit and

paper. Julie let loose a tentative stream.

"Stop!" said Bruno. "Prop your legs up on those rails!"

"Yes sir." Julie said. She propped up her legs on the rusty handicapped rails

on either side of the stall. This exposed her clean-shaven cunt to Bruno.

"Oh good grief! Your twat's as bare as the day you were born! You're a little

girl!"

"No I'm not!" shouted Julie.

Bruno reached down and lifted Julie by her tits again. He squeezed hard. She

knew there would be bruises.

"Never yell at me. Never contradict me, and never turn me down!" yelled Bruno

as he slammed her down on the toilet so hard that her ass submerged in the

gross filth in the bowl. "And don't ever touch your skin with a razor, you

understand?"

"Yes sir." said Julie as she arranged herself to her former position.

"Oh oh. You have shit on your cunt." said Bruno.

"I'll wash off sir."

"No. Allow me." said Bruno as he unzipped and pulled out his cock. "Allow

me."

Julie closed her eyes and cringed as the warm piss began rinsing her cunt.

When he finished, Julie opened her eyes.

"Lick it." Julie leaned forward and licked the residual piss from the tip of

his uncut cock.

"Well, now that we're both clean, hop up on the counter."

She did as she was told. Bruno began to stroke his member. It hardened up to

10 inches. He then put her feet on his shoulders. He rubbed its head on her

piss wet cunt.

"Don't hurt me please sir."

Bruno rammed his cock in to the balls. She bit her tongue.

Bruno humped his new bitch for all she was worth. She could feel the head hit

her cervix and push it aside. The blend of pain and pleasure made her head

swim. They kissed. She tasted his cigarette breath. Suddenly, Bruno closed

his eyes, gritted his teeth and threw his head back.

He screamed, "Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Take it bitch!" She then felt his cock

spasm. She felt the warm wet cum filling her even fuller than she already was!

"Let's go eat!" said Bruno. "You hungry? You've earned yourself a few more

miles and dinner on top of that."

"Yes sir!" Julie said, sounding proud of herself.

"You might work out after all!" remarked Bruno.

Chapter 3

As they entered the bar, Julie smelled two overwhelming odors. Cigarette smoke

and greasy food.

Bruno yelled, "Stumpy, where the hell are ya?"

"Back here! Here I come, Bruno!"

A man in a wheelchair appeared from a back room. He had no legs, only two

short stumps covered by folded back pants legs. "How the hell are ya?"

"Good as ever." said Bruno.

"You look like you're feelin' real good, soundin' even better. That was you a

minute ago wasn't it?"

"Yeah, this is 'bitch', she's new. "Bitch, say hello to Stumpy."

"Hello sir." said Julie.

"She's good!" said Stumpy with a laugh.

"Why, thanx!" laughed Bruno. "how about two 3/4# burgers, rare and plain with

two tall necks. And a carton of Camels, no filters. Oh yeah, Bitch is gonna

need a carton, a lighter and one of those eye glasses holder lookin' things to

keep her pack in."

"I don't eat meat or smoke. I worked at the American Lung Association Telethon

and..."

Bruno lifted up Julie's halter and grabbed her tits. This time, as he picked

her up, he twisted them. He twisted them more than 180 degrees. She could

feel the supporting tissue begin to tear. Her eyes watered. She screamed "I'm

sorry sir! I don't know what I was thinking! Whatever you say goes!"

"That's better." said Bruno as he slowly set her down, continuing the twisting

pressure. Leave these out, because I'm not done yet." He twisted another 90

degrees, forcing more tears from his bitch's eyes. "This feels good, doesn't

it?"

"Yes sir." said Julie.

"So, you'd love it if I did this every half hour or any other time I think

about it?"

"I'd look forward to it." Julie said through tears.

Bruno let go of her tits and they grotesquely untwirled. They were streaked

red and already bruised. They weren't perky. They were pointing a bit down.

"Now, light up." Bruno pushed all of her new paraphernalia to her.

She opened the carton and pulled out a pack. She opened the pack and removed a

cigarette. "Which end?"

"It doesn't matter, these are real cigarettes honey, no filters!" said Bruno.

"Oh." She placed it in her mouth. It tasted awful. She lit the lighter. As

she moved the lighter to the cigarette, she thought of all the family members

and friends that had rotted away and died of lung cancer. The flame reached

the tip. As she took her first drag, she thought of filthy ashtrays, yellow

teeth, graveside services and chronic coughs. Then she coughed.

Bruno and Stumpy laughed and laughed.

"Take another drag!" said Bruno.

Another cough, but not as bad.

"Another!"

Even less cough.

"More!"

No cough.

"From now on, any time I light up, you light up. Any of my friends lights up,

you light up. And you keep up! If we light up while you're smoking, light up

as soon as you finish. Chain smoke. Got it, bitch?"

"Yes sir." breathed out in smoke.

"Where's our beers, Stump?"

"Comin' up Bruno. Here" said Stumpy as he wheeled down the bar and set the

bottles down.

"Drink bitch. Same rules, got it?"

"Yes sir." said Julie. She'd never had beer before, but it sure cooled her

throat from the smoke.

Bruno had three cigarettes while waiting for the burgers. Stumpy had three

also, but they weren't at the same times as Bruno's, so she ended up having

five. Bruno had picked her up and twisted her tits. Between those and the two

beers, she was woozy headed.

At last the burgers came. She forced herself to eat the greasy, mostly raw,

gross animal flesh. She ate the fries. She had it all with another beer. As

they finished eating, she did as Bruno did and lit up. It was getting almost

second nature for her. She realized that her bladder was about to burst from

all of the beer. But she said nothing, for fear of what new situation might

arise. While her first fuck was over all pleasurable, it was still sore. She

held it in while they smoked and drank and played pool. Sometimes, Julie would

notice Stumpy ogling her when she bent over for a shot or squatted to pick up a

ball. It had been two hours since eating and she'd had a big meal. In

addition, she'd had a pack plus four cigarettes and five beers. She was woozy,

painfully had to piss and now she knew her rectum was beginning to pucker out

uncontrollably!

"Uh, Bruno, I really gotta go please."

"Go where? You ain't leavin'" said Bruno.

"No, the bathroom! Please."

"Nah, no bathroom, you can wait just a minute, can't you?! Teasingly asked

Bruno. "Hey, Stumpy, ya got more saw dust for the floor?"

"I know where you're going with that, bro' say no more! I'll be right back!"

said Stumpy as he wheeled to the back.

Bruno locked the front doors. This almost made Julie piss and shit right then!

"You know, we called him Stumpy before he lost his legs, ya know." said Bruno.

"Why sir?" asked Julie, suddenly realizing that she might not want to know.

"Because he has a thirteen inch schlong! It's a joke!" Laughed Bruno.

Stumpy reappeared with the requested sawdust. He sprinkled it all around two

bar tables. When he finished, Bruno said "Hop up on the left hon. You hop up

on the right." he said motioning to Stumpy.

Stumpy wheeled to the table and hopped up. He took off his pants revealing two

horribly scarred stumps of legs and a growing, uncut, enormous cock. Julie

noticed through her drunken, light headed and revolted state that she was

getting wet.

"Undress." Bruno said. "we are going to combine our needs to have some real

fun! You haven't had sex in months, right, Stump?"

"Right." said Stump as Julie threw her clothes onto the sawdust.

"Well I'd like a little too. Bitch, you have to piss, right?"

"Yes sir." said Julie, confused.

"You also have to shit, right?"

"Yes sir."

Bruno dropped his pants and tossed them aside. He walked up to Julie and

placed his hands cupped under her ass, which was hanging off of the table.

"Well, shit!"

Bruno grabbed Julie's already sore, bruised, stretched and drooping tits and

lifted her. He not only twisted them, but also jerked her up and down by them.

The tearing of supportive tissue was audible. Julie cried, tears flowing down

her face. Bruno slammed her on the table. Stumpy, aroused, beat his enormous

meat.

"I said shit!" yelled Bruno.

"Yes sir!" cried Julie. She quickly laid two one foot long, straight,

chocolate brown logs in Bruno's hands.

"Suck it!" commanded Bruno as he shoved one against her lips. She opened her

mouth and it went to the back of her throat. She thought that she would gag,

but fought it off. Bruno fucked her mouth with it, in out, in out. Every few

strokes he would switch and give her the other turd. Stump was masturbating

maniacally. Then Bruno said "Bite it off, just the end!" She did as she was

told. "Now this one!" as the second length of her own shit was crammed into

her mouth. "Now chew!" She did. The taste was very earthy. She could smell

it too. It wasn't really bad. "Show us bitch!" She opened her mouth wide and

lolled out her tongue to show her two partners in depravity. "Chew more! Lick

your lips!" As she did so, she could feel the warm, wet, brown moustache and

goatee she was giving herself. She thought it to be erotic.

"Now, hold that ugly shaven cunt open!"

Julie was sopping wet. She was turned on and knew there was no turning back.

She may as well enjoy her lot in life. And she did. As she held her wet cunt

open, Bruno slid the first turd in, easily. She moaned.

"She's hot Bruno, hot as hell!" yelled Stump.

"Yeah, and we ain't even started good yet" said Bruno as he began to work the

second turd in with great difficulty. "Damn, she's tight!"

"Not when we're through with her she won't be!" Stump said.

With much forcing and fingering, the second turd was in Julie's cunt. It gaped

open like a panting dog's mouth.

"Roll over bitch!" said Bruno.

"Yes sir. I feel so good sir!"

"Good girl." said Bruno "Good girl.

Bruno spun the table around and shoved it up to Stump's table so that her face

was in his crotch.

"Suck his cock, bitch!"

"Yes sir." Julie began sucking on the head of the giant tool.

Bruno then shoved his cock into her cunt amidst the shit.

"Mmmmmmmm." Moaned Julie as she continued to suck.

She could feel her cunt walls stretch to accommodate the two ten inch turds and

ten inch cock. She could feel her cervix and uterus being jammed into her

intestines as Bruno fucked her hard and brutal. She actually hoped that he

would force the shit through her cervix into her womb!

After a while, she felt Bruno pull out. She felt cold air rush into her gaping

cunt. She looked up from Stump's tool to see what was wrong. Brown, shit

filled drool flowed down her chin as she said "what's wrong sir?"

"Oh, nothing, you're fine. We're just changing positions."

"OK"

"First, lick my friend's stumps" said Bruno.

"OK" she said as she lovingly licked and kissed the grotesquely scarred stumps.

"Good. Now get up and turn around." She did. Bruno picked her up and said

"Alright, you gotta aim, OK Stump?"

"Got it, man."

Julie could feel Stump's cock against her anus as she was lowered onto it. It

resisted for a moment then snapped in!

"Oh! God! Fuck me! Please fuck me!" Julie cried.

"Hold still a second Stump, so I can get in!"

Again her fuck hole was filled. And now her ass was filled! This was

heaven!

She could feel her own shit being pushed around in her fuck hole. She could

feel her intestines being rearranged while her shit hole was being fucked. All

at the same time!

"I want some of that cunt!" friend said Stump.

"Alright, hold on." Bruno said as he began to lift Julie off of Stump's cock.

"Please sir, lift me by my tits. Hurt them, stretch them!" cried Julie.

"As you wish, bitch!" said Bruno.

"I like this one!" said Stump.

"Yeah" said Bruno as he picked Julie up by her tits with the hardest twisting

yet!

"Shake me please sir!" cried Julie through her tears.

"As you wish you little cunt. You are a cunt aren't you bitch?"

"Yes sir. I'm nothing but a cunt!"

Bruno shook her up and down.

"More sir, more"

Now he squeezed hard. He twisted a full 360 degrees while he jerked her up and

down until he heard tissues tear!

"Yes!" she screamed.

When Bruno lowered her, she felt Stump's tool bending at the entrance of her

too full fuck hole. "Please get it in! Please sir!" begged Julie.

Slowly, she felt it work in. Then, they both humped like there was no

tomorrow. Bruno asked "Ya still gotta pee, cunt?"

"Yes sir."

"Then pee!"

"Now sir?"

"Yes now. Piss to your heart's content. But we're gonna piss too."

"Yes! Yes!"

As she pissed, they pissed. She felt absolute stretched fullness as their piss

escaped her cunt, mingled with her shit and now her piss. Grotesque noises

escaped her fuck hole. Sucking noises, slurping, slapping noises. The smell

was fantastic! She was so turned on! Then a strange feeling that she had

never had before. She began to cum. For the first time in her life, she was

cumming! "I'm cumming!"

"Hear that, Stump? She's cumming! Let's help her out!"

"I'm with ya dude!" cried Stump as they all came.

When they finished, Bruno lifted her off of Stump and sat her in a chair.

"Now, clean us off." he said as he scooted her chair between Stump's legs and

stood beside them.

"Yes sir." she said matter of factly as she took Stump's shit and piss covered

cock into her mouth. She repeated with Bruno, then went back to Stump. She

ran her tongue around and under his foreskin, 'til his whole cock was clean.

And again with Bruno. She looked under the table where she had thrown her

clothes. They were covered in filth! Shit piss and sawdust. "Should I put

these on?" she said with a smile.

"Yes, just as they are."

She put on the clothes and shoes. Her dark brown nipples shown clearly through

the piss soaked yellow halter-top. It also was streaked and lumped with shit

and sawdust. Her Black leather skirt, while it didn't really show the filth,

it reeked. And Julie loved it. She could feel the wet lumps of turds squish

in her shoes and between her toes. And she could still feel the mix of shit,

piss and cum in her fuck hole.

"It's time for more smokin' and drinkin'!" exclaimed Stump as he settled into

his chair with his pants now on.

"What do you think bitch?"

"Bring it on sir." smiled Julie coyly.

"Good girl." beamed Bruno. "Good girl."

After two more hours, Julie had smoked another two and a half packs of

cigarettes and drank five more beers.

"I have to pee please sir, but would you grab my tits first?"

"OK, but let's try a new hold." said Bruno. He grabbed her tits underhanded so

that his fingers were underneath and his thumbs on top. He picked her up and

shook her up and down as well as side to side. "This'll stretch the top more

than the bottom so's the nipples will point straight down. You see Stump?"

"Yeah, man I like that."

"What do you think bitch?" Bruno asked challengingly.

"If its what you want, I love it sir!" gargled Julie as she was shaken so hard

that she was dizzier than ever.

"Good bitch." Bruno turned her upside down and placed her in the filthy chair

she had sat in while cleaning her two partners. "Now, open yer mouth and

piss."

"Yes sir." she said as she pissed a two-foot stream straight up. She knew what

was expected, so she caught it in her mouth and swallowed. When she was done,

she asked, "Don't you have to piss?"

"Oh yeah, good bitch. "You first Stump" said Bruno.

Stump wheeled over but stayed a little ways away. When he pissed, he played

with Julie. He would piss all over her while she tried to maneuver her mouth

to catch the elusive stream. Twice, she almost fell off of the chair. When he

finished, Stump wheeled closer and she licked him clean. Bruno then pissed on

her a bit but then stuck it in her mouth. She could barely keep up and gagged

three times. When finished she said "thank you sirs." She righted herself,

lit a Camel, took a long drag and popped a long neck.

Bruno studied her for a moment then said "Look your tits are gettin' droopy

already!"

Julie got up and looked in the mirror behind the bar. Through her piss wet

shit covered halter, she could see her bruised and abused breasts. This

morning (really yesterday morning since it was now 3:30am) her breasts had been

perky, they pointed straight out, the halter only covered them. She didn't

need anything to hold them up. Now, they were longer. The nipples pointed

almost straight down. They were beginning to look like flapjacks. She reached

behind her neck and let a little slack in the halter's strings. Her breasts

hung down even more. They were sore beyond belief, but she liked it. She

liked the way they looked too. But, it wasn't enough. She turned to face her

new sex partners and said "It's a good start, but I think it's only the

beginning. I think that they should be longer and flappier. And the nipples

need to point straight down, not just close, but straight down! And the

nipples themselves need to be longer. What do you think sir?"

"I think that you're a keeper. Tomorrow, we'll pierce your nipples and a few

more areas. Then, we can hang some weights from them to help stretch things.

What do you think, bitch?"

"I think it sounds great!" she said blowing smoke out of her nostrils for the

first time. "But won't you still stretch my tits?"

"Of course" said Bruno as he grabbed her tits underhanded, picked her up and

shook her vigorously.

Ch. 3

"If we're gonna get to the house by tomorrow night, we better get on the road."

said Bruno.

"Sir, I'm so tired." said Julie.

"Here, take this." Bruno said as he gave Julie a red capsule.

"What is it? I don't take drugs becau..." Bruno grabbed his bitch's tits

like

radio knobs through her damp, filthy halter. He twisted them three quarters of

the way around and lifted and shook her, violently.

"I thought we had our arrangement clear, bitch. Do you want to be my bitch or

not?"

"I'm your bitch. I am so sorry! It won't happen again, sir."

"Well, you can make it up. Here, take this too. Your tits won't hurt as much.

At least you won't care if they do. I think we'll stay a bit longer." Bruno

handed her a white tablet with the red capsule.

"Thank you sir." Julie said and swallowed the drugs with her beer.

Stump lit up. Julie whipped out a Camel and lit off of him.

"Good girl." said Bruno. "Hop up on the bar."

Julie hopped up, her legs dangling. The skirt, short already, had hiked up

exposing the brown, yellow and white filth seeping out of the waste dump of a

cunt that had been her virgin pussy 12 hours ago.

Bruno asked, "Ya still got that camcorder, Stump?"

"Yeah, man." as he wheeled off to the back.

"Get it. Ya wanna be a movie star bitch?"

"If you want me too."

"Good answer, bitch." Bruno said as he lit up. Julie took a long drag then

lit up another Camel off it.

Stump returned with the camera. "That's a new tape."

Julie finished her beer and put her cigarette back in her mouth. She took a

long drag then let it dangle. She looked cheep. She started to throw the

bottle into the can behind the bar.

"Whoa! You're gonna use that." Said Bruno.

"Ooh! How sir?"

"Well, We're gonna document your progress as to looking like a woman as you

regrow a proper crop of hair after your shaving misadventure."

"Are you sure sir? I mean, I'm very hairy."

"How Hairy?"

"From the tops of my toes to my nipples and armpits is pretty much continuous."

"Is it dark?"

"Pitch black."

"The hairier, the better!"

"As long as you know what you're getting into!" teased Julie.

"Fine, now, when I start filming, rub that bottle around your lips. Then,

slowly drag it down your neck to your tits. Rub it between them. Pop both

tits out of your top. Then, outline each of those bruises with the bottle.

Ya got it so far?" asked Bruno.

"Yes sir. I feel a little...dizzy. I can't...well...I can't concentrate. I'm

sorry sir. I don't want to disappoint you." mumbled Julie. Her speech was

beginning to slur.

"Here, take these, they'll make you feel better." said Bruno with a leering

smile.

"You'll feel better alright!" laughed Stump.

"What's so funny?" said Julie, distractedly.

"Nothing bitch, we're just happy." smiled Bruno as he fidgeted with his beard.

"You do want to be in a movie, right bitch?"

"Yes sir! But I need more beer to swallow these. Where's my cigarettes?"

"Here, swallow 'em with this." said Stump as he gave her a 4oz. glass of

tequila. She swallowed them with about half the glass.

"Here's yer cigarettes, bitch. You've already smoked five packs. She opened a

fresh pack and lit up another of the unfiltered Camels.

"How many people do you want to see this movie bitch?" Bruno got a little more

serious.

"Everybody sir, everybody." Julie slurred, her eyelids a little droopy.

"How 'bout your momma? You want your momma to see the movie?" laughed Stump.

"Of course I want momma to see the movie."

"No matter what I tell ya to do in the movie?" slyly asked Bruno.

"I'll do whatever you want sir. Everybody can watch!"

"Good bitch." said Bruno. "Good little bitch. You remember what to do?"

"Yes sir."

Bruno lifted the camera and began taping. "Go bitch, go."

Julie rubbed the bottle around her fourteen year old lips like an experienced

hooker with a cock. She slowly moved it down her neck, then between her tits.

Stump had his fly open and was slowly playing with himself. She slowly

realized that she would need the hand that held her Camel to get her tits out

of the halter-top. She placed it in her mouth and let it dangle, the smoke

making her squint. She used her now free right hand to pop each tit out. She

looked decidedly cheap. She then outlined each streak of black and blue on her

abused breasts with the mouth of the bottle.

"Cut! You did real good bitch. For the next bit, I want you to move the

bottle down to your cunt. Piss in it. You gotta piss, right?" asked Bruno.

"Yeah, I do sir. I really do." Slurred Julie. "I also gotta shit."

"That's great bitch! Your doin' great!" smiled Bruno.

"Oh boy!" grinned Stump, still whacking off. "Oh boy!"

"OK, pay attention bitch."

"Yes sir."

Bruno thought then said "First piss in the bottle. Then, put it down beside

you. Next, shit into your hand. Stick the turd up inside your cunt.

Masturbate with it. Get your hand all up inside it. OK?"

"Got it sir."

Bruno picked up the camera and began recording his new toy's performance.

"Action!"

Julie placed the bottle on her tit, right where she left off. She was perfect.

She continued smoking as the bottle moved down to her cunt. Then she again

let the Camel dangle from her mouth. With one hand, she held the young but

filthy and ravaged cunt open. Filth oozed out. With the other hand she held

the bottle up to her piss hole and began to piss. The bottle filled to the top

and overflowed an ounce or two. She set the bottle down beside her. She took

an exceptionally long drag from her cigarette then left it in her mouth while

exhaling through her nostrils. She put her hand under her ass. She bore down,

but no log! Only hard lumps of shit - lots of them. She looked slightly

worried at Bruno.

He whispered "It's OK. Just stuff them in."

She took the bunch that she already had in her hand and mashed them against her

cunt. Then she took her index finger and poked each one in individually. Then

she slowly shit the rest out one at a time, stuffing each one into her cunt

which was still full of shit, piss and cum.

"Cut!" yelled Bruno. "So far, so good. How do you like being a movie star so

far, bitch?"

"Am I really a star? Is everybody going to see our movie?" Asked Julie

sounding something between drunk and sleepy.

"Everybody." smiled Bruno. "Right Stump?"

"Right. Now get on with it." said Stump.

"Now, pay attention, bitch. Drink half of that bottle. Then, use your finger

to pull out a dozen or so of those turds. Put them in the bottle 'til it's

about three quarter full. Hold it up to the light. Then, shake it really

good. Hold it to the light again. Then drink it up. Then show us your mouth

and smile. Got it?"

"Yes sir."

"Action!"

She picked up the bottle, full to the brim. She chugged her own piss down.

When the bottle was a little less than half full, she put it between her legs.

Then she reached her index finger up her cunt and pulled a turd out. She

stuffed it into the bottle. She repeated this until the bottle was a little

more thon three quarters full. Her judgment wasn't at its best. She held it

up to the light. The light shown through illuminating the shit packed in it.

Then she put her thumb over the top and shook the bottle vigorously. Her

formerly firm tits jiggled crazily. When she held the bottle up to the light

again, no light came through. It was a muddy piss and shit cocktail! She then

drank it down in gulps. When she opened her mouth and smiled, Her tongue was

coated with streaks of shit. Her teeth had small specks of brown all aver

them.

Bruno whispered "Reach in your cunt and get a couple of lumps and spread them

under each armpit. Then hold your arms up with your hands behind your head."

She did exactly as told. When she was done, her pits where streaked and lumpy

with shit as she smiled a shitty grin with a half smoked Camel dangling from

her mouth.

"Cut! Beautiful! You were perfect bitch!"

"Are we done sir? My tits hurt." moaned Julie.

"Nowhere near done bitch. No where near it. Take these." Bruno handed her a

small handful of pills. Bruno and Stump went into the back.

She took them with the rest of the tequila and lit another Camel. It was the

last of the pack. It was 5 O'clock.

Ch. 4

She next had to lay down under Stump's wheelchair. His pants were off. When

she sat up, her nose was under his balls. He reeked of not bathing. She

thought it was earthy. She liked it. It was nine in the morning. They had

poked fun at her now stubbly parts calling it "nine O'clock shadow." In

less

than 24 hours, Julie had turned from thirteen to fourteen, run away from home,

lost her virginity, been double stuffed, gave blow jobs, smoked seven packs of

unfiltered Camels, drank eleven beers and 12 ounces of tequila, taken who

knows how many pills, had her firm tits turned into sagging bruised bags of

flesh, been stuffed with and eaten her own shit, drank her own and two men's

piss and was in the process of making a porno movie. It wasn't nearly over.

It was just beginning. And through the hazy fog of cigarettes, alcohol and

drugs, she liked it.

Bruno yelled "Action!" and began to film. Stump began to jack off. As he did,

his anus puckered out. Julie opened her mouth as soft shit began to fall out.

She couldn't keep up and it piled on her face. When he finished, she moved up

and opened her mouth. Stump grabbed the back of her head in both hands. He

rammed his huge cock through the shit to the back of her throat and fucked her

face. She didn't gag. She took it. When he came, she opened her mouth to

show the mess of cum and shit. She then chewed the mass and swallowed, showing

the camera her now empty, but messy mouth.

"Cut!" yelled Bruno. "Let's get Black Bart."

"Ooh! Yeah!" said Stump.

"Is he another co-star?" asked Julie woozily.

"Oh yeah. He makes Stump look like a baby" said Bruno.

"Ooh!" cooed Julie.

The men both left for about ten minutes. Julie just slouched in a chair.

Brown stains ringed her mouth. Her clothes were even more filthy. Filth oozed

from her cunt. She stared into space while smoking and drinking beer.

When the men returned, an enormous Rotweiler was between them.

Bruno said "Sit." Bart sat.

"Down." Bart laid down.

"Over." The beast exposed his belly. His tool poked its tip out.

"Your new co-star." smiled Bruno.

"What are we going to do?" Julie said with her eyes very heavy.

"The same thing that yer both good at...following my instructions." Bart said

sternly. "No questions. Just do. Understand you fucking bitch?"

"Yes sir."

"Action!" Bruno began filming. He whispered "Pet him." She petted him.

"Scratch his stomach." She did.

As Bruno quietly gave his perverse direction, the action commenced. She

stroked Bart's cock. It came out of its sheath. She licked the tip. She

kissed it. She stroked and sucked it. It became larger. It was thick,

already almost three inches in diameter!

"OK" Bruno continued to whisper. "Get on all fours."

As she did so, Bart began licking Julie's filthy cunt and ass. He got harder.

He climbed on and grabbed her around the waist. He started humping even before

his cock hit home. When the tip touched her cunt, he rammed it in and started

going for broke!

"OOh! God it's good!" moaned Julie.

As the black Rotweiler continued, his cock grew. It was eleven inches to where

the just beginning to swell knot was. And as the knot got larger, it began

buffeting her cunt lips. The enormous cock was forcing a lot of the previously

deposited filth out. It ran down the inside of her thighs in dark brown

streams.

Julie just moaned "Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh....." She drooled. Then the knot went

in. "Oh yeah, fuck me! I'm bein' fucked by a dog! Watch me fuck a dog!

Fuck!"

The cock swelled to three and a half inches. The knot swelled to five! The

cock was now a foot long for a total of seventeen and a half inches of dog cock

fucking this teen's cunt!

Then Bart stopped. "Oh my god! Mother fucker! I can feel him pumping me full

of goddamn dog cum! Pump me full you son of a bitch! Fill me up!"

After about five minutes, Bart threw his leg over his new bitch's ass so that

they were ass to ass. Every so often, Julie would comment that she could feel

him pumping his cum into her. Bart would occasionally walk around, dragging

his bitch backwards. Julie smoked and drank beer sometimes. Bruno gave her

some more pills. They stayed coupled for an hour and ten minutes, the whole

time Bart pumping Julie full of canine cum. All of this was being recorded.

When, with a loud sucking plop, Barts cock pulled out, cum gushed out in

streams from the bitch's widely gaping cunt. Julie lay exhausted on the floor,

dipping her fingers in her cunt without even touching the sides. She would

then lick them clean for the camera.

"Great bitch!" beamed Bruno. "Very good."

Ch. 5

They had been riding on Bruno's Harley for two hours. After fucking Bart, the

three of them, including Stump had reviewed the new porn flick while drinking

tall necks and smoking. Of course, Bruno kept his bitch on a steady diet of

pills. Pills to keep her awake, pills to keep her open to suggestion, pills to

lessen pain and some pills just for kicks, to watch their effects.

After awhile, Bruno pulled off of the two lane onto a dirt road that went under

a bridge over a creek. "We need money for gas." Bruno said to Julie.

"I'm sorry sir I only have a few dollars. You can have them." replied Julie,

eternally in and out of focus. She hadn't slept in over 36 hours.

"Well, thanks!" he said taking her money. "But we need more and you're going

to get it for us."

"How sir?"

"You'll earn it." Bruno leered. "We're comin' up on an impromptu truck stop.

You offer to blow and fuck the drivers - whatever they want."

"I'm a movie star, not a prostitute." said Julie, forgetting her place.

Bruno picked his bitch up by the tits, cruelly twisting back and forth while

shaking her.

"You're whatever I tell you to be bitch!" shouted Bruno. "Remember that!"

"Yes sir!" said Julie, crying.

"Now, wash up in the creek. Get presentable."

"Yes sir." said Julie. She went down to the creek and stripped, not caring

that passing cars and trucks could see her easily. She washed her face. Then

her arms. Then she washed the shit out of her armpits. The growing stubble

felt itchy. She washed her tits. They ached, but she really didn't register

this. The drugs did their job well. She stuck her finger up her cunt. It was

really sore, but again, it didn't matter. She pulled ungodly amounts of filth

out of her fuck hole. Out came shit, piss, cum and dog cum. She finished up

with her legs. These and other parts all had thick, short, black stubble

growing. It fascinated her.

"Now, wash yer clothes, bitch! And hurry it up!" her trance was broken by

Bruno's impatience. She was glad that she wasn't within reach.

When she was done, she put the still damp clothes back on and trudged back up

the hill to Bruno. "What's that on my seat, bitch?"

Julie looked down where she had ridden on the bike. There was a large patch of

filth. The mix of shit, piss and cum had leaked out of her cunt while she

rode. Without hesitating, she bent down and licked it up, swallowing it all.

"Good bitch! Maybe I'll keep you after all."

"Please sir, don't make me leave. I don't have anywhere else to go!" pleaded

Julie.

"Just do as you're told and I might let you stay."

"Thank you sir." smiled Julie through a tear.

Bruno thought to himself that this was going to be good.

He explained what to do, how to do it and how much to charge. She nodded her

head. They got back onto the two lane and rode. In a few minutes, the wind

blew her clothes dry. This made her cold. In the past, her nipples would have

stuck straight out. Now, they pointed nearly straight down, straining against

the sheer, bright yellow lycra halter-top. They soon came upon about a dozen

trucks, not that she could count real well anymore. Bruno pulled over about

thirty yards short of the nearest one.

"OK, get to it."

"Yes sir." She got off the Harley. She lit a Camel and took a long, deep drag

from the unfiltered cigarette. It felt good, she hadn't had one in an hour or

more. She shook her ass in the most slutty fashion that she could. As she

approached a group of about twenty truckers who were standing around talking,

she said "You boys horny?"

One of them said "Yeah babe, how much?"

"Five dollars to suck you off, ten to fuck and twenty gets you my poop chute."

Another asked "How many can you handle, little lady?"

"I take all comers and everyone cums." teased Julie. She was doing perfect

thought Bruno as he watched.

"Well," said one trucker as he opened the back of his cab, "I got room, come

on. I want some of your ass!"

"Twenty first." said Julie seriously.

"OK, here." he gave her the money as she got in the cab on all fours, exposing

her shit hole for all to see.

"Oh boy." said the trucker as he stuck it in and began to pump.

When he had come in her ass, the next climbed in with a five. She blew him and

swallowed. The next guy fucked her old fashioned for ten. Eventually, all of

them did her one way or another, some of them two or three times. It took

about an hour and a half. She then walked, bowlegged, back to Bruno. He

counted the cash.

"Three hundred ten dollars, you did good bitch." smiled Bruno.

"Thank you sir." smiled Julie, licking some jism from the corners of her mouth.

"How many times a day should I do that, sir?"

"Uh, well..." This actually took Bruno by surprise. "Just whenever I tell you

to." He was pleased.

"Yes sir."

They rode on.

CH. 6

They stopped every so often for gas, or to smoke and have a beer. Julie found

herself craving a cigarette very frequently. She remembered being an avid

anti-smoker. She hated it when she smelled smoke. It had been a filthy habit

to her. Now she almost constantly craved one. An unfiltered Camel at that!

Pure raw smoke went straight and deep into her young lungs. And she liked it.

She liked to blow it out her nostrils, fascinated by it if she could see in a

mirror like at Stump's. She was constantly spitting the little bits of tobacco

that came with smoking unfiltered cigarettes. She only had four left in her

last pack from her carton. In her first full day smoking she thought, she

will

have
smoked ten packs.

She loved beer. Delicious stuff. And these pills were so nice. She felt

fine, great in fact! And sex. Fucking was so good! She felt so silly to
have

been against these wonderful things! She felt glad to have met Bruno.

He said that they were going to meet his friends in the "club". Maybe she

would be initiated tonight!

They pulled into a truck stop about nightfall. They both felt cranky.
Julie

hadn't had a cigarette in three quarters of an hour. She was out. Bruno
was

hungry. Julie wasn't. She couldn't remember the last time that she was

hungry. She wondered why.

There was a bus out front that said "Leon and the Lions" on the side. A group

of fifteen blacks were gathered around it, passing a couple of joints around.

Julie was frightened, vaguely remembering about her father's death. They saw

the pair walking toward them and one said "Yo, how's it goin'?"

"Fine man, fine." said Bruno.

"What's up?"

"I'm takin' my bitch in for dinner." said Bruno.

"Your bitch interested in a diversion before dinner?" asked the black dude.

"Tell 'em the rates, bitch." ordered Bruno.

"But sir..." began Julie, terrified of the prospect.

Bruno grabbed her long raven hair and snapped her head back. "The rates

bitch!"

"Five to suck you off, ten to fuck and tmenty to fuck my ass." said the bitch

as Bruno let her head down.

"Woah, that's a bit high. How about a bulk rate?" smiled the dark, black man.

Bruno was very displeased. His bitch had balked in front of strangers.

"Alright, five bucks for an hour in your bus. Do whatever ya' want with her."

"Alright!"

"Sir? Can I have a cigarette first?" asked Julie sadly.

"Baby, here." The black passed her a joint, it's tip soaked and wet from being

passed around amongst the blacks.

She took it and watched Bruno go into the diner. She put the wet end in her

mouth a took a drag. It tasted hot and sweet. She exhaled.

"No baby, hold it in, hold it in." They all laughed. She took another drag

and held her breath. She felt good.

They climbed into the bus. The other fourteen blacks followed.

One of them had a Coke can with holes. It had a joint in one. He put it to

her mouth and blew. She was dizzy. Her first pot. They made her smoke a lot

for a few minutes. In fact, she hardly breathed except through the can or a

joint. Her head was expanding.

She found a large black cock in her face. She took it into her mouth and

sucked it. His crotch smelled like a locker room. He pulled it out and sat on

her face.

"Kiss my ass white bitch!"

She did.

"Lick it." As she did, he farted. "Don't stop white bitch, keep it up! Stick

your tongue in my ass." She did and he farted again. She breathed deep and

tongued his ass vigorously. "White bitch likes it, don't ya bitch?"

"mm hmmm." agreed Julie as she felt a long, thick black cock enter her cunt.

She dug out a turd and ate it. He told the others and they went wild. He

pushed one out, she ate it whole. He backed up, dangling his cock over her

open mouth.

"Watch this guys." he said and began to piss. She drank it all. "She's a

human toilet!"

"My turn, man get off!" said another as he sat on her face and took a long,

hard shit in her mouth. It was so firm, she had to chew it. Meanwhile, the

black cock in her cunt began filling her with cum. As he backed out, another

took his place. This one shoved his huge cock up her ass. As the one on her

face finished, another came and pissed, washing down the shit. This continued

until all had pissed and shit in her mouth and had fucked at least once her

cunt, ass or face. They constantly called her "white bitch", "white slut",

"toilet mouth" or just "cunt." Some would ask her "what would your momma

think, huh, bitch?"

When they were done with their hour, they shoved her out of the bus. She

landed on her hands and knees, scraping them. Her holes were pouring cum onto

the pavement. She got up and walked, very bowlegged. She wandered into the

diner and found Bruno and sat next to him.

"You smell like shit bitch!"

"I'm sorry sir."

"Here, I got you a carton of Camels."

"Oh, good, I need one sir." as she tore it open and fired up. I enjoyed the

pot. Do they have any at the "club?" she asked, exhaling smoke.

"Oh yeah."

"Good."

"Here, you want these? You earned' em." Bruno said as he offered her a handful

of mixed pills.

"Yes, thank you sir." Julie answered. She swallowed them in one gulp with her

beer.

After sitting for about half an hour eating (Julie didn't eat. She was, after

all, already full!) Bruno said "Follow me to the restroom."

"Yes sir." they got up and walked to the back. Bruno looked around and pulled

her into the men's room.

"I got somethin' for you. Here." He took out a small baggie of white powder,

a spoon, a rubber hose and a syringe. Julie stared dreamily as he cooked it

up. She watched him wrap the hose around her arm and tap for a vein. She

watched the needle go into the vein and Bruno push the plunger. As he removed

the hose, she felt warm, like she was in her mother's arms. As she passed out,

Bruno threw her over his shoulder. It was her first sleep since waking up on

her fourteenth birthday two days ago.

Bruno hand-cuffed her hands around his waist so that she wouldn't fall off

while they rode. He would love to keep her up longer, but she mustn't see the

way into, or out of, the "club."

Ch. 7

When Julie woke up, they were on a dirt road. She felt sick to her stomach.

"Sir, I don't feel so good." she said into Bruno's ear.

"Alright, I'll pull over. You'll be OK." he said.

He pulled over where the road passed a meadow. They got off of the bike.

Julie collapsed into a heap when Bruno removed her hand cuffs. Bruno got a bag

off of the bike. He got out some white powder, the same syringe that he had

used earlier, a spoon, some bottled water and a rubber hose. He began

cooking

up the mixture.

"What's that sir?" asked Julie, her eyes sunken with dark rings under them.

"Heroin. Ya want some?"

"Will it make me feel better?"

Bruno eyed her with sternness.

Julie corrected herself, "Do you want me to have it?"

"Yep."

Julie held out her arm, showing the previous needle mark. Bruno wrapped the

hose around her upper arm. He thumped a vein beside the previous one. He then

slid the needle into the vein. He depressed the plunger.

"Ya ready?"

"Yes sir."

He undid the hose. As he did, Julie felt a warm rush envelope her. She didn't

get as much as last time, so she just got high, not unconscious.

"Mmmmmmmmm. That's nice." she purred.

"Ya like that bitch?"

"Yes sir."

"You want some more bitch?"

Julie held out her arm. "Yes sir." she answered lazily.

"Later."

"OK."

He reached into the bag and pulled out some bottles. He handed her a handful

of red and white pills and capsules with a warm beer. "Take these."

"Yes sir." she swallowed them and chug a lugged the beer. "You haven't played

with my tits in a while sir." Julie teased, as she lit a Camel. She blew the

smoke out of her nostrils.

"Ya know, you're right." He reached into the bag and produced some cord. "Get

naked bitch."

"Yes sir."

She stripped. Her tits dangled, the nipples pointing almost straight down.

They were streaked black and blue. Bruno began to tightly tie the cord around

each tit. Each time he cinched up on the cord, connective tissue could be

heard, tearing. The abused breasts quickly began to turn purple. She looked

at them dreamily. Bruno got a small bag out of the Harley's saddle bags. He

set it down.

"What's in there, sir?"

"Later"

"OOOh."

He walked a short distance. He came back with a long, thin switch. "Ready

bitch?"

"Yes sir!"

"No flinching!"

"No sir."

"Stand up straight, stick your tits out and keep your arms at your side."

"As you wish sir." Her tits by now were swollen, engorged with blood. The

nipples, naturally large anyway, were the size of thumbs now. The flesh of her

tits was so stretched from engorgement that the skin was shiny. Bruno reached

back then struck her tits hard. A wheal immediately began rising on both tits.

She didn't cry out. Through the drugs, she felt the pain, but it was remote

and she didn't care. He struck again. Another pair of wheals. He struck

again and again and again. She smiled as her tits absorbed the abuse. He

stopped.

"Good bitch."

"Thank you sir." Bruno then lit a cigarette. He gave her one. She lit off
of

him. "What's next sir?"

Bruno reached into the bag and pulled out some rope. He threaded it between

her tits, under the cord and tied it off. He threw the other end over an

overhanging branch. He pulled out the slack, then let a slight amount back
in.

"Ready bitch?"

"Yes sir."

Bruno yanked hard. Julie was yanked up with a grunt, her feet dangling a foot

off of the ground. "Oh God, yes!" she screamed.

"More bitch?"

"Yes sir, yes please!" she squealed.

Bruno grabbed his bitch by the waist and yanked. He yanked several times, each

time damaging the connective tissue that gave them shape. They were

permanently ruined. Bruno was not finished, though. Not by a long shot!

"What do you want your tits to look like you little cunt?" he asked as he

lowered her.

"What do you want them to look like sir?"

"I want them to be like empty bags. Floppy, flappy shapeless bags. With the

nipples, long and stretched like old rubber bands, pointing straight down!"

"Then do it! Whatever it takes, do it! I want to be perfect. Shape me as you

wish sir!" He yanked down on her waist several times. He punched her

hideously colored breasts brutally and repeatedly.

"Good bitch." He took four pair of 12" vice-grip pliers out of the bag. He

eyed her nipples, then adjusted two of the pliers to be open about a tenth the

thickness of the nipples. He then clamped them to her swollen nipples and net

them hang. The nipples hung down and stretched an inch and a half. He cut the

cord binding her breasts. They hung straight down. As the blood emptied

from

being tournequetted in, the bruises and wheals began to show. "Spread your legs

bitch." She did. He treated her inner cunt lips to the same treatment that

her nipples were enduring. "How's that bitch?"

"Mmmmm. Good sir." Julie was so high from the drugs. If she were to see

herself straight, she'd cry.

"Put on yer shoes." She did. "Follow me." He lit up, so did she. He picked

up everything and replaced it on the bike. He got on and fired it up. "Ready

bitch?"

"Yes sir." He slowly rode down the dirt road. She followed walking fast and

wobbly. She was naked except for The vice-grips and her black spike heels.

The pliers all swung bizarrely and out of sink. She was a sight!

Ch. 8

Every so often, Bruno would stop and make Julie do jumping jacks. Then they'd

smoke three or four cigarettes, drink a beer or two and start again. Every two

or three stops there'd be more pills for Julie. Once, they'd stopped and Bruno

taught her how to cook the heroin and shoot up herself.

"Can I have a little pack for this like I have for my Camels?" Julie asked.

"Yeah, after we get to the"club."" said Bruno. "If you want. That way, you can

shoot up any time."

"I'd like that sir."

Bruno thought for a moment then asked, "How old are you anyway?"

"Do you really want to know sir?" teased Julie, shaking her tits so that the

vice-grips swung obscenely.

Bruno released the pliers, dropping them to the ground. He twisted her now

sagging, floppy tits and lifted his bitch. She gasped with pleasure,
drooling

a little and smiling. "Look bitch, when I ask, I want a straight answer!"

"I turned fourteen the day we met!" blurted Julie.

"Damn, fresh meat! I bet you were a virgin."

"Yes sir. But now I'm your bitch. I only want to make you happy."

"Well, your doin' pretty good. Keep it up." admitted Bruno.

"Thank you sir." beamed Julie.

"Sit on the Harley."

"Yes sir." She hopped on, side saddle.

Bruno reached into a saddle bag and got out a tool pouch. He took out an awl

and two 2" brass padlocks.

"Hold still so's this ends up straight."

"Yes sir."

He grabbed a nipple, then forced the awl through to the hilt. There was a fair

amount of blood. He then slid out the awl and forced the hasp of one of the

padlocks through the nipple and locked it. He repeated this with the other

nipple. "How's that?" he said, eyeing his work.

"They're beautiful. They feel great!"

"Good bitch."

He then said, "Put your feet up on the handlebars. And put this towel under

your ass."

"Yes sir."

He pulled out 8 1.5" diameter 14 gauge rings and 10 2" 12 gauge rings from the

pouch. He removed the pliers from her inner labia. He proceeded with the awl

to make four holes in each of Julie's inner labia, placing one of the smaller

rings in each. He then put five holes in each of the outer labia, filling them

with the two inch rings. She now had a piercing in each nipple and eighteen in

her cunt. "How's that bitch?"

She leaned forward, dangling a cigarette in her mouth and grabbing the

handlebars for balance. "They're beautiful! And to think that mommy dearest

wouldn't let me pierce my ears or bellybutton!"

"Well, hell, we can fix that!"

When the biker was done, the teenager had a one inch padlock in each ear and in

her navel. She beamed with pride.

"Get dressed bitch."

She did as she was told. The skirt barely hid the labial rings. The earrings

and navel locks looked a little odd, but the floppy tits with the dark brown

nipples stretched by the large padlocks could be seen easily in the see

through, bright yellow lycra halter-top! And her stubble was becoming plainly

visible. She was a slave whore and looked every bit the part. And she loved

it!

"Hop on bitch. Next stop, the "club."

Ch. 9

The dirt road turned to two ruts with thick grass growing in the middle. Every

so often, they'd stop and smoke a few Camels and drink a few beers. Bruno kept

a constant supply of pills going down Julie's throat. On one stop, she

performed the entire heroin ritual all on her own. She loved the warm, cozy

feeling it gave her. She absolutely had to have her Camels. She found herself

lighting one every time she had a free moment, not just when Bruno was smoking.

She found the bits of tobacco that she constantly had to spit annoying, but

she loved her cigarettes. Julie lit a Camel. She vaguely knew that the pills

that she was always swallowing had a lot to do with her pleasant state of mind.

She found herself toying with her nipple padlocks. She didn't recall pulling

her tits out from the halter top, but there they were. She was pulling and

twisting them, watching how her formerly perky nipples stretched and slowly

returned, but not quite to where they had been a moment ago.

"Play with yer cunt." Bruno said matter of factly.

"Yes sir." Julie didn't need to pull up the short skirt. Just sitting in the

grass exposed her cunt to the daylight.

She began rubbing her now pierced clit. She threw back her head and moaned.

She rubbed a little faster. Then she stuck three fingers into her cunt,

rapidly thrusting in and out.

"Hey bitch, look here." Julie looked up without missing a beat. Bruno had the

camcorder going.

"Are we making more of my movie?"

"Oh yeah. Gonna show it to the club tonight."

"My debut!"

"Your debut alright! In more ways than one!" Bruno laughed.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Tonight, after the movie, you do whatever, anybody, any time tells you to do.

Understand?"

"Yes sir."

"I mean anything!" Bruno looked very serious.

"I'll do anything they want sir. You want me in the "club" don't you sir?"

"Yep. You'll do good though."

"Thank you sir."

"How about another "chocolate shake" for the camera?"

"Yes sir." Julie said, then licked her fingers clean. She finished her beer,

dangled her Camel from her mouth and placed the bottle under her bottom.

"Oh no. I'll make the shake this time." Bruno took the bottle from her. He

set the camera on the seat of the Harley so that it would record everything.

He dropped his jeans. Then he pissed, filling the bottle about half way. He

then squatted down. "Do the honors bitch."

"Yes sir." She reached down and grabbed a long, almost black, hard turd as it

emerged from the biker's ass. She stuffed it into the bottle. It was larger

in diameter than the opening, so a large amount globbed up at the opening, like

a large mushroom. She then licked her fingers clean, leaving streaks of dark

brown on her lips. Bruno had, by now, pulled up his jeans and had resumed

holding the camera. "Ready sir?"

"Go for it bitch." Julie first rubbed the mouth of the bottle clean in her

cunt, the rings jingling on the glass. The bottle's opening came out clean,

most of the shit staying in her filthy cunt. "Oh you are good."

"Thank you sir." She said then put her thumb over the bottle and shook. Then

she chugged it all down except for the last, lumpy bit. This she swished

between her teeth then swallowed. After this, she grinned a shit covered smile

into the camera.

"Alright, let's try this." said Bruno as he unlocked her nipple padlocks. He

then replaced them with 1.5 inch diameter 12 gauge rings. He pulled the sheer

yellow halter-top back over her sagging tits. "They go more with the look." he

said as he undid the halter, let out slack so that her tits would sag more,

then retied it.

"Anything you say sir." Julie said, lighting another Camel.

Ch. 10

About ten miles back, the path had reduced to a single deep rut. Now, as they

crested a hill, it became gravely and wider. After about four rest stops in

the last five hours, (traveling was exhausting on the Harley, even for a man

Bruno's size in these ruts) Julie had smoked three packs of Camels and started

drinking tequila along with taking her pills and shooting up heroin. She had

only slept for two or three hours since she met her huge master. The fourteen

year old couldn't remember how long it had been since she left home. She

remembered most of the things that she had been doing, in a vague sort of way.

She only felt warm and pleasant. In fact, it had been five days. Everywhere

that had been smooth was now covered in dark short black hair as her copious

body hair was growing back. Legs, armpits, nipples, chest-to-cunt treasure

trail, cunt, ass and legs - all hairy. Needle tracks were all over her arms

and thighs. Her tits, until five days ago firm and perky 34 B's, sagged and

flapped, covered in bruises and stretch marks. They were not as thick as her

hands now. The nipples, once like the ends of her fingers pointing straight

out, now pointed straight down and stretched almost as long as her little

finger. Her formerly virgin cunt was now stretched out from being fucked by

over forty men, white and black, and even a dog. Never mind its acrid stench

from all of the piss, shit and cum that had been in it. Not even her shit hole

was virgin now. Her ears, navel, nipples, clit and cunt lips were now pierced.

Some of the piercings, along with the needle tracks, were infected. Her teeth

were already yellowing from the six or seven packs of unfiltered Camels she was

chain smoking every day.

She was definitely not the virgin little thirteen year old she had been only

five days ago.

But, she was happy. She was a movie star. She loved to make Bruno, her

master, happy. She would do anything that he or his friends wanted, no matter

how depraved.

Little did she know that, as they crested the final hill and the "club" came

into view, her slide into depravity had only just begun.

Ch. 11

They descended the hill about fifty yards and stopped. Bruno shut the Harley

down and turned to Julie. "Listen up bitch."

"Yes sir."

"You remember the rules; You light up whenever anyone else does. You drink

whenever anyone else does. You take whatever's offered. You do whatever you're

told - no matter what. If your told to fuck an elephant, the next sound had

better be your cunt ripping apart or you'll wish you'd never been born - got

it?"

"Yes sir. I won't let you down." Julie said with a smile. "No matter what."

Bruno fired up the bike and drove down toward the compound that was the "club."

It looked like a large high school. In fact, a planned community had been

started here, but failed for lack of funds. Only a few homes, shops and the

school had been completed. The school was designed for 4,000 students. There

was a gym, a cafetorium and several wings. Instead of students and faculty in

the parking lot, there were hundreds of Harleys and an old school bus. There

was what looked like a fair sized farm attached to the school. It had a barn,

stables, dog kennels and many other buildings. As they pulled into the lot,

people began filing out to meet them. The men were all pretty much like Bruno,

jeans, T-shirts, leather jackets or vests and tattoos.

"Bruno! You sonuvabitch! Where have you been?" one of them called out.

"Getin' me a new bitch, Ike." replied Bruno as he got off of the Harley. Julie

climbed off after him, slinging her leg wide and high, showing her pierced,

fuzzy and filthy cunt for all to see. As Bruno lit up, she got one of her

Camels out of her pack and lit up, exhaling through her nostrils.

"Looks like you started breakin' her in already." another one said.

"Yeah, Bone, she was a virgin 5 days ago. We've already done some film with

Stump and Black Bart." smiled Bruno.

"Damn, fuckin' bitch is fast. Let's see the film. You set it up and I'll

gather everybody into the great hall." said Bone.

As people began to file into the "Great Hall" or, what had been the cafetorium,

Julie looked at the people of the "club" a little more. The women were all

dressed very skimpy. Some were walking outside naked. None were shaven. Some

were skinny, some fat, but most were a little on the skinny side. Julie

herself had lost about seven pounds, down to eighty three. After all the speed

she'd done and eating and drinking mostly shit and piss, it was not a surprise.

All women that she could see had very saggy tits. Nearly all had stomachs

that were very flabby and covered in stretch marks. Most had tattoos.

As she got into the Great Room she was hit with heat, humidity and odor. It

smelled of piss, shit, cigarette smoke, greasy food and sex. As this is what

she had come to associate with sex, she began to get very wet. She glanced

down and noticed rivulets of brown running down the inside of her thighs. A

blonde woman in denim cut-offs and a torn tube top stepped in front of Julie.

Without a word or a pause, she reached down beneath Julie's skirt and plunged

her finger into Julie's cunt. She wiggled it about then withdrew it, holding

it up, covered in filth. She then seductively licked her finger clean. Then,

grabbing Julie by the back of the head, she kissed her open-mouthed, her tongue

probing Julie's mouth. Julie could taste the filth from her cunt on the

woman's tongue.

It was Julie's first act with a woman. She liked it. "You've met Mary, Ike's

bitch." Bruno laughed.

"I like her." Julie smiled, a bit of filth drooling out of the corner of her

mouth.

There was a large rear-projection television in front, on the stage. "Sit down

bitch." said Bruno. Julie sat on the filthy floor. "You take what Ike gives

you. I'm goin' up to plug in yer film."

"Yes sir."

As Bruno went up front, Ike wrapped Julie's arm with a now-familiar hose. Some

women were cooking up some heroin and other powdered drugs. Ike took a half

filled syringe from a black girl's arm. "Thanks Silky." He then stuck the

needle into Julie's arm and depressed the plunger. He removed the needle and

drew in a fresh mix from one of the other girl's spoons. This, too, was placed

into her arm and injected. As Ike removed the hose, Julie felt both familiar

and fresh sensations. The sereneness of the heroin was not novel, but she

could feel her veins nearly burn. Her head swam, her field of view distorted,

things were definitely strange. Ike gave her a handful of pills and a glass

of

tequila. She swallowed them and lit a Camel. "Good bitch." Said Ike.

"Thank you sir." smiled Julie, staring woozily at the room.

"See that chair there, just below the TV?" Ike asked.

"Yes sir."

"Go sit in it and watch the movie."

"Yes sir." Julie walked forward shaking her ass like a whore. When she got to

the seat, she saw that she was also in front of a camera. She appeared in the

lower right of the TV. It had picture in picture.

"When your movie begins, masturbate until I tell you otherwise." Bruno

commanded.

"Gladly sir." Julie said. She looked back as Bruno disappeared into the crowd.

People were sitting on the floor in small groups. It seemed to her that there

were about five times as many men as women. Ike appeared next to her. He

seemed to know her mind.

"There are three thousand four hundred thirty two men, seven hundred eighty

five women." Ike informed her. "You will know them all." He smiled. "Are

you up to it?"

"I can't wait." Julie licked her lips.

"Oh, did I mention the farm?" Ike smiled and walked off.

The little bit of light in the room dimmed. The rest of the TV lit up and

there she was, rubbing the beer bottle across her lips. The ever present Camel

in her mouth as she played with her tits. They were horribly bruised, but

decidedly firmer and rounder than the flapping bags of flesh hanging from her

barely fourteen year old chest now. She reached up with both hands and tugged

at her tits. She could barely feel them, they were nearly numb. She pulled

harder and twisted them. It was almost pleasurable. So she pulled harder;

twisted harder. She could hear the little bit of remaining connective tissue

tearing. As she began yanking and jerking hard on them, another picture in

picture appeared in the lower left corner of the TV. In it appeared the crowd

behind her. They were almost all naked or at least nearly so. They were

masturbating, feeling, some beginning to fuck.

They watched her, she watched them. Her hands reached down, now. She fingered

her cunt and shit hole. She found them numb and pliable. Each received two

fingers. Then three, then four. She then had most of both hands in both

holes. They were getting covered in filth. She removed her hands and spread

the filth on her tits. The crowd's passion was rising. They were all fucking

and eating and daisy chained across the floor.

Soon, an older woman, maybe thirty, but looking far older, was placed on the

stage. She was a redhead. Her whole body was covered in red hair. The woman

was placed, naked, on her knees with her face on the stage. A funnel was stuck

in her ass.

Her movie was now over and there was much applause. Julie felt so proud. Her

first movie. She hoped that there would be many more. Bruno appeared at her

side.

"Am I going to make more movies sir?" she slurred.

"Yer making one now, bitch." he said pointing at the camera.

"Oh good. Make sure that mommy gets a copy, please sir."

"I'll be sure of it." laughed Bruno. "Now, the officers of the club. including

me, are going to fuck your cunt first. A hundred fifty men. Then, you'll eat

Leona out over there." he said motioning to the red head. "Then, a special

treat. Then every one else draws lots. They all get you, each in your mouth,

cunt and shit hole. The women can do what they wish also. It'll take four or

five weeks straight. I'll make sure that you get drinks, Camels, drugs,

whatever you need. Then you get a day of orientation. After that, the farm

gets a run on you. That'll take another two weeks or so. You'll love it."

"I'm sure sir." she grinned a woozy grin. "How am I doin'?"

"Fine bitch, fine. Now lay down on the floor."

As she did, Ike walked up. She had barely hit the floor when he was in her,

fucking hard but dispassionately. While he did, Bruno began pissing in Leona's

funnel. When he was done, a woman squatted over the funnel and filled it with

runny shit. Then another man pissed in it. Ike came in her and withdrew.

Bruno fucked her next but just as emotionless as Ike. Men and women continued

pissing and shitting into Leona's funnel. Occasionally, she would moan or

yell something in ecstasy. She was loving it. If the funnel stopped up, Bruno,

now done and replaced some time ago, would plunge it down with a stick. Leona

was masturbating like crazy. After a while, Julie was smoking a Camel while

being fucked for the fifth time, Leona's stomach began to swell. By Julie's

eighth fuck, Leona's gut was positively distended! It was like she was

pregnant! Gone was the flab. Her gut was now shiny and stretched. Bruno

removed her funnel. She crawled over to Julie and kissed her, tonguing her

deeply. She then presented the red hair of her armpit. It was extremely musty

from being natural, no deodorant or recent bathing.

"Lick it." Leona said, sultrily.

Julie did as she was told. It tasted as it smelled. Julie loved it and licked

again. Leona then scooted up and slung her leg over Julie's face.

"Eat me!"

The stench was incredible. Not only from the au naturale state of the cunt,

but from the shit and piss leaking from her nearby shit hole. Nonetheless,

Julie, eager to please, licked the cunt deeply. Leona moaned. Julie

continued

licking until Leona was cumming. As she came she lost a little control of her

sphincter. She scooted forward and placed her outwardly puckered shit hole

over the teen's mouth. She let loose several ounces of the foul mix of filth

from deep in her fantastically distended colon. Julie swallowed it all.

"Good girl." said Bruno with pride. Leona moved to the side. Bruno continued,

"Roll over a moment and put yer ass in the air."

Julie assumed the position that Leona had been in until now. Bruno stuffed the

funnel into Julie's shit hole now. Leona then squatted over the funnel and the

wet filthy mess began to enter Julie. It was warm and felt filling. She

could

hear it filling the funnel. She noticed that her belly was now beginning to

swell. She looked to her side and noticed Silky waddling up the stairs of the

stage. Her belly was larger than Leona's!

While Leona was still filling Julie's colon, Silky slid her cunt under the

teen's nose. Her monstrously huge belly was against Julie's forehead. She

could see the thick, leathery large lips of the black's cunt as it gaped

astoundingly wide open. Cum filled it and was pouring out. Julie began

licking it out. It had a funny smell and taste, but she swallowed it all the

same.

"Do you like it, bitch?" Bruno asked.

"Yeshirr." Julie answered slurring from drugs, having her face buried in a cunt

and her mouth full of cum and tight, black, kinky cunt hairs.

"It's dog and horse cum! How's it taste?" he laughed.

"Delishush."

There was much applause. Silky then pressed her sphincter, covered in

hemorrhoids like clusters of grapes, against Julie's mouth. Julie opened and

greedily accepted the forthcoming spew of shit, piss and animal cum. Then,

Silky got up and took Leona's place over the funnel. Julie already appeared

pregnant, about five months. She could feel the ungodly conglomeration snaking

it's way deeper into her insides. She was swelling even more!

When it was done and she was rolled back over to resume fucking, Julie's gut

was grossly distended. She looked like an extremely overdue pregnant woman!

She contained two women's gut loads of shit, piss and dog and horse cum!

"Oh God, I need to shit!" Julie cried.

"Relax, not until I say so. So hold it in." Bruno ordered. "Here, drink

this."

Julie drank all of a quart bottle.

"Like it bitch? It's one third grain alcohol and two thirds cranberry
juice!

You'll wanna piss like a Russian racehorse in a few minutes!" Bruno and

everyone laughed.

As predicted, the urge was upon her in minutes.

"Hold it in!" Bruno saw the look in her eyes.

She did. At this time, she had fucked about eighty of the first men. Those

that had started began to line up to fuck her face. As she lay there,

grotesquely swollen gut and bladder, her tits hung on either side, flaccid and

flopping wildly as her cunt and face were fucked.

Ch. 12

Over the next few weeks, things became routine. After the first six hours,

Julie had been allowed to void her colon and bladder with her ass in the air,

soiling herself thoroughly with filth. Inevitably, another swollen woman or

two or more would evacuate their bowels full of piss, shit and cum from who

knows who or even what into hers. She would then swell up even larger than

before. Her belly was returning less and less to its original size. She

looked like a woman who had a baby, then didn't exercise afterwards. It was

covered in stretch marks. It was beginning to flop like her tits. These were

thinner, flappier and longer now that everyone was manhandling them twenty four

hours a day. Men were fucking her cunt, shit hole and face. Women were

slathering their filth filled cunts and asses on her mouth. Sometimes, they

would eat her out then kiss her, exchanging the fluids into her mouth. Men and

women both would void themselves on or in her frequently. Her only breaks were

for cigarettes, alcohol, pills or heroin. She had become quite a junkie,

especially now that Bruno was mixing in a bit of muscle relaxant. Sometimes

men and women would fist her cunt or shit hole. Toward the end, they were

plunged in up to their elbows. She loved the feeling of her cervix, uterus and

colon being shoved around! After a few weeks, her openings no longer closed,

but gaped widely open in between invasions. Her orifices were constantly

making slurping, sucking or sloshing sounds. Her hair had all grown completely

back. She was much talked about.

After five and a half weeks, phase one was done. She could barely stand to be

rinsed off. Bruno then hung ten ounce lead fishing weights from her key

piercings; her nipples and her labia and clit. All totaled, she had over

thirteen pounds of lead on! Her tits were nearly pointed. Her labia hung down

like grotesque sleeves. Her clit was two inches long!

She was allowed to put her clothes on. Her tits hung down out the bottom of

the halter top. Her flabby belly hung three inches over the waist of her

skirt. Her labia stretched way beyond the hem of the short skirt. The weights

all swayed as she walked the halls of the club with Bruno and Ike, filth

dripping from her gaping cunt and shit hole as she smoked.

As she toured, she was shown apartments (actually classrooms), the shop (the

old shop class), Kitchen and even the apartment that she would share with

Bruno. Then, they toured the farm. First the kennel. The dogs all strained

to sniff Julie.

"We keep twenty five Great Danes, forty five Rotweilers, fifteen Bassett

Hounds, and about two hundred fifty large mix breeds." boasted Ike. "Oh yeah,

and Lord Dick."

"Can't forget Lord Dick!" laughed Bruno.

"Who's Lord Dick?" asked Julie.

Ike replied with a grin, "He's our Irish Wolfhound! The world's largest dog.

They stand seven feet if they're on two legs!"

"His cock puts Black Bart to shame." Bruno said seriously.

"Sixteen inches without the knot and almost five in diameter. The knot's

nearly eight in diameter. Think ya can take two feet?" Bruno teased.

"Yes sir." said Julie.

"And more!" laughed Ike. "You have yet to meet the stallions and bulls!"

After a bit of a hike, they came to the stalls. Many of the stallions let down

at the girl's approach. Their cocks were enormous! But they were nothing

after seeing the bulls! Their's were bigger than Bruno's arm in length and

width. As they hung down, they drug in the dirt. In fact, the cocks were

covered in dirt. Julie got dripping wet just thinking about the huge, dirt

covered appendages stretching her cunt to even more obscenely huge limits!

"Will they star with me in my movie?" Julie asked.

"Oh yes. They most certainly will." said Ike. "In fact, we are going to edit

all your tape into three or four dozen ninety minute segments of a series.

We'll sell them for thirty or forty dollars each."

"Wow! I'm a celebrity! Star of nearly fifty adult films! I wanna fuck just

thinking about it!" Julie squealed. "Bruno sir, my mom will get copies,

right?"

"What's her address?" he asked.

"It's in my bag."

"Consider it done. Mom gets one copy of each film."

She knelt in front of Bruno, unzipped his fly and began slurping his cock.

Ike

knelt behind her and stuck his cock up her ass. He could only rub one side of

her stretched out rectum at a time, it was so huge.

CH. 13

The next morning, after Julie was allowed three hours sleep, she awoke at six

and cooked her first fix and shot it into a vein on the inside of her thigh

with a needle that she had found on the floor in the hall yesterday. She loved

the warmth that enveloped her every time she loosened the hose. But it was

taking more and more of the heroin, more frequently. She was shooting up five

times a day now. She got up and looked at herself in the full length mirror

behind the door. She was gaunt. She had needle marks and scars all over her

arms and legs. She stepped on the scales. Seventy nine pounds. A few months

ago, she had been ninety pounds. She resumed her stance in front of the mirror.

She lit a Camel. She inhaled long and deep. Exhaled through her nostrils.

She looked at her drooping, sagging tits. The elongated, pierced and ringed

nipples pointed straight to earth. She picked them up to her collar bones and

let them go. They landed against her chest and stomach with a slapping sound.

She loved it. She held her arms over her head, exposing the dense, long, lush,

black hair of her pits. She smelled them, the sweaty earthiness being

exotic.

She turned and eyed her other hairy parts. They were beautiful. She could not

believe she used to hate her bodyhair. She grabbed a double handful of her

flaccid, stretch-marked gut. It was beautiful. She looked down at her labia.

They were long, black, wrinkled and leathery. They'd be getting more so soon.

She looked at her face. Her eyes were sunken with dark rings. They had bags

under them and crow's feet beside them. Her mouth had wrinkles all around it

from continuous smoking. She went to the counter and got out an assortment of

pills from a number of bottles. She swallowed them with a swig from a bottle

of tequila. She then took a few more gulps from the bottle.

She thought about a few things. She knew that thinking would be difficult when

the pills kicked in. How many men had she had? Hmmmm. Three thousand four

hundred sixty five men, seven hundred eighty five women and one dog. She was

about to have three hundred thirty six more dogs, and, from her estimate, about

forty horses and fifteen bulls. She was dripping wet just thinking about it.

She looked at the clock. Shit! She was late. Bruno would be pissed! She ran

to the great hall. Her tits flopped up and down, her gut jiggled.

She got to the hall and Bruno grabbed her. "Bitch! Yer late!"

"I'm sorry sir, I'm sorry!"

"Sit down bitch. Put yer tits on the table."

"Yes sir." Julie sat down and flopped her tits one at a time onto the table.

Bruno and Ike picked up a bench and placed it, upside down, on her tits.

"Frank, Bob, stand here." Bruno motioned to the bench. The bikers, each two

hundred fifty pounds stood on the bench. The pain was excruciating as Julie's

tits flattened out even more - to the thickness of a pencil!

"Auuuuugh!" she cried.

"You fucking bitch! Don't you ever cry out!" Bruno screamed as he kicked the

bench that Julie was sitting on out from under her. She was hanging from her

ruined breasts. Bruno then punched her across the mouth, blood spurting from

her upper lip. He put his boot on her neck, further adding to her tit's

horrendous stretch. He whipped a collar and leash out of his leather vest's

pocket. He put the collar on her and attached the leash. He stomped on her

chest so hard that her tits, stretching ludicrously at first, audibly snapped

out from under the bench with a dull, rubbery slapping sound.

"Get the camcorder!" Bruno said to Ike.

Bruno had Julie walk on all fours as he paraded her through the halls, kicking

her in the ass, ribs and cunt most of the way to the kennels. Occasionally,

his boot would find its way into her cunt, making a nasty, slurping and

plopping.

After a while, bruised and bleeding, Julie found herself is the kennel

courtyard. She was laying in and surrounded with dog shit. Flies were

everywhere.

"Let's see.." said Bruno as he inspected various piles. "Here, this one."

Julie crawled over to the still steaming pile of shit. Flies were darting
on

and off of it. It had hundreds of small white worms wriggling in it. It
also

had pieces of tapeworms throughout the turds. "Eat it bitch!"

Julie, her pills not quite taking full effect, hesitated. Bruno stomped his

boot on the back of her head and she landed mouth first in the dog shit.

She

began eating it, worms and all. A few flies weren't fast enough and were also

ingested. Bruno walked a short distance. "This one too!" One by one, Bruno

found piles of shit left by sick dogs until she had eaten twenty five infested

piles, insuring that she herself would be infested with roundworms, hookworms,

tapeworms and other intestinal parasites. If she wasn't scrawny now at under

eighty pounds, she soon would be. Her mouth, chin, nose and cheeks were

covered with shit and worms writhing about. "Look up and smile for the camera

bitch." said Ike. "Show Momma what you're up to!"

Julie, her pills kicking in, complied, fat lip and all, even sticking out her

tongue to show the bits of flies and worms writhing about on it and inside.

"Here," Bruno gave her some more pills and some tequila. "Now, crawl around

and stuff all of the lovely dog shit you can find into your cunt."

"Yes sir." She stuffed the brown masses past her stretched, flapping labia into

her cunt. Finally, no more would fit. She had put in the majority of fifteen

piles. Her cunt was stuffed until dog shit was hanging out in large clumps.

Flies crawled all over her cunt and in the shit.

"OK then, follow me bitch. Ike, have the girls who are picking the dogs,

horses and cattle bring their buckets to me when they are done.

"Oh man, you are not right. I like it." said Ike.

CH. 14

Julie was led into a small room adjacent to the kennel courtyard that she had

just left. There was a single window looking out to the kennel courtyard.

There was a single, strange, wooden chair in one corner of the room. It

reclined and had extensions for legs. It looked like a home made gynecological

chair. Bruno dragged it until it faced the window and the foot extensions were

an inch or two from the sill. He opened the window about three or four inches.

"Hop up bitch."

"Yes sir." Julie sat in the chair and almost slid out, her ass was so slick

with dog shit. Bruno scooted her back. He began tying her arms, hands, legs

and feet to the appropriate parts of the chair. Flies were buzzing all around,

and more were coming in through the window.

"I hope yer comfy, this will be yer home for a few weeks. I'm puttin' off

introducing you to the animals 'til yer a little more broken and have learned

yer lesson."

"Yes sir. I'll never let you down again. I'm your bitch. I'm your cunt."

"Yes, you are. But you must still go through with this." said Bruno.

"Here ya go!" Ike held up two opaque milk jugs. They contained something, but

Julie couldn't tell what. "Two gallons, almost full!"

"Excellent!" smiled Bruno. "Ike brought some friends to keep you company." He

tilted one of the jugs a few inches from her belly and shook it. Little specks

spilled out. They began to crawl. They were ticks! Hundreds - thousands of

them! Crawling all in her treasure trail. "Ya see, out here in the woods, our

animals get ticks. We don't use sprays, so we pick them. Normally we burn

them, but these are for you." He put a ring of double sided tape two inches

around her nipples so that the ticks sprinkled there wouldn't wander off but

bite and anchor there. Ticks were sprinkled and poured into and onto her

hairy pits, her cunt, her legs - anywhere that they could take hold. But her

nipples were especially thick with them. They scrambled to get a hold in the

hairs around them. They avoided the tape since ticks won't cross anything

white. They began digging in. They began to bite and suck.

"I'll be sure that someone visits and helps with yer Camels, pills, tequila

and heroin. Is that OK? I mean you like those things, right bitch?"

"Yes sir. Especially the Camels and heroin."

"Good. From now on, you answer to Cunt. Ya got that cunt?"

"Yes sir. I'm nothing but a cunt. Your cunt sir."

With that, Bruno and Ike left. A few minutes later, Silky came in and shared

several Camels with Julie. They shared an old, dirty needle and both shot up

heroin. Julie felt good. The ticks sort of tickled as they settled down to

find their places to dig into flesh and feast. The flies all buzzed around

between her legs, eating, mating and laying their eggs. The heroin was warm in

her veins and the tobacco felt soothing in her polluted lungs.

Ch. 15

There was a knock on the door. Julie's mom, Judith, looked out the window. A

UPS man was there. As she opened the door, she saw three large boxes. She

signed for them and slid them in. She opened them.

It took four and a half days to view all of the video tapes. She didn't sleep

or eat. She didn't go to work. When she finished watching the dozens of

video

tapes of her child, she could not cry any longer. She couldn't throw up

anymore. She just lay on the floor and shook, staring at the final freeze

frame of her fourteen year old child smiling a smile covered with dog shit,

flies and worms, laying tied to a bizarre chair and covered in filth, flies and

ticks.

She reached for the phone. It was dead!

"You'll want to come with us 'mam." Two bikers stood in the doorway!

"No! I won't!" she defiantly stated.

"You will. It'll just be more difficult." said one. They grabbed her, held

her still and tied her to a chair. One began cooking some heroin in a teaspoon

while the other tied the hose around her arm. When the mixture was done and in

the syringe, they found a good vein.

"No, please! Not heroin!" she pleaded.

"Too late! Here ya go." he inserted the needle and depressed the plunger. As

he undid the hose, he said "Have a nice trip!"

She felt the warmth in her veins, the comfort of her mother's arms and then her

head fell back and all was dark.

Julie had been in the chair for three days now. The tick's bodies, their heads

buried deeply in Julie's young flesh, had begun to swell, engorged with blood.

She had several thousand grey, shiny beads all over her body, especially the

tender spots. Some had even traveled to her cunt and ass and burrowed in.

The dog shit in her filthy cunt had begun to reek even worse as it was being

digested by the tens of thousands of newly hatched maggots. They were each no

bigger than a comma, but together they began to churn the filth in the teenage

girl's cunt. The flies constantly crawled over her, eating and laying eggs in

the filth.

Silky visited her the most. The black girl, maybe two years older than Julie,

made sure that Julie got her five or six fixes of heroin every day, sharing a

needle. They both took several pills, some the same, some different, washed

down with tequila. Usually, since there was nothing better to do, they smoked

heavily, nine or ten packs of the unfiltered Camels a day each. She didn't

fight, so Bruno had untied her hands after the first day. She liked the beaded

feel as she ran her fingers across the tick's bodies. She would stroke her

nipples, armpits, treasure trail, anywhere except her cunt. She was ordered to

leave that alone. A number of times a day, Bruno or Ike would film her.

Sometimes she would be blowing or eating some guy or girl, drinking piss or

eating shit. But mostly, the ticks, flies and maggots got the most footage.

Some scenes showed Silky licking Julie's tick covered hairy armpits and

nipples. Sometimes, Silky would find a tick crawling free on Julie, the chair

or the floor. She would pick it up and place it somewhere on herself. Her

growing collection was also filmed. Bruno and Ike not only enjoyed the utter

kink of it all, but they knew that they were making unique porn. Very

valuable. And things could only get kinkier. This cunt was breaking in just

right.

Ch. 16

Judith slowly awakened. She ached all over. She was nauseous. She had

stomach cramps. She looked up and around. She was in a closet sized room with

a small slit of a window letting light in.

"What is wrong with me?" she thought. She examined herself as best that she

could. She was naked, but apparently unharmed. Her legs and underarms had

about five days worth of stubble. "How could I sleep so long?" she wondered

aloud. Then she saw the five needle marks on each arm. It all became clear.

"Oh my God, I'm an addict."

"Yes, and you'll do anything for your next fix of the shit!" a voice from above

said.

"No! I will not!" Judith said determinedly. The sound of her own voice

causing

pain.

"We'll see." the voice said. "My name's Ike. When you're ready, call me."

Time passed. Judith began to shiver. Her aches became unbearable. She nearly

doubled over from stomach cramps. She thought, "Maybe just once more, so I can

think. A little more couldn't hurt me any more." She called out, "Ike!

Hello!"

"What is it?" he answered.

"Maybe just one bit of the stuff?"

"Changing our mind are we?"

"Maybe a little."

The door opened. There were the two bikers from the other night.

"I'm Ike and this is Bruno." said one.

Bruno looked familiar.

"Are you ready for your shit?" Ike asked.

"I beg your pardon."

"Your shit, your heroin. You want it, right?"

"Yes, I want my heroin."

"Say it. Say what we want to hear." Bruno said impatiently.

"I want my shit."

"That's better. Here." Ike offered her a Camel.

Judith stuck her nose into the air. "No, thank you. I do not smoke. It is

a

filthy habit."

"If you want your shit, you'll smoke ten of these and drink two beers."

"They are nasty, filthy and cause cancer. I am an adamant anti-smoker." she

said, slightly less defiantly.

Ike grabbed her by the hair and slung her back into the closet.

"When yer ready, let us know!" he yelled as he slammed the door.

Judith lay in pain on the floor, shivered and cried.

On Julie's seventh day in the chair, the dog shit had been digested into a

runny liquid that seeped from her cunt, pooled in the chair, surrounded her

ass, then dripped onto the floor. It was all swimming with maggots. The

maggots had grown to half-inch long, fat, writhing, shiny white monsters. They

churned madly in the fourteen year old's cunt. As they grew, her cunt gaped

open further, showing the tens of thousands of the larvae inside. Each day,

Bruno brought in five or six more long, worm infested dog turds. Julie ate

them with gusto and a smile as she was filmed. Yesterday, twice as many had

been given her. She ate the first half. They then filmed as she shoved the

fresh supply of filth into her reeking, grotesque cunt to feed her "pets". She

then had a bowel movement in the chair. The camera zoomed in. Her turds were

absolutely swarming with various wriggling white worms. She was now infected

with the parasites! Her weight loss would accelerate now that everything she

ate was shared with the thousands of intestinal parasites infesting her colon!

The next day, after her "meal", Bruno gave direction. "When I start filming,

Silky, you go down on her cunt, lick her real good, then get a big mouthful,

turn and show it. Get some of the worms from her turds on the chair, too.

Then swallow and get another mouthful. Turn and show it, smile big, then you

two kiss real deep and long and swap the mouthful, back and forth. Then smile

for the camera.

In unison, both whores replied, with smiles, "Yes sir."

"Action!"

They performed well, just as directed. They both smiled with runny shit

covering their mouths, flowing down their chins and necks and fat, juicy,

writhing maggots and worms crawling on their lips, teeth and chins. Then the

whores both sat back, arm in arm and smoked and drank tequila.

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"Alright, I'm ready!" Judith yelled.

"Don't shout, we're right here." said Ike. "What did you say?"

"I want it."

"Sorry, I can't hear you very well." Ike and Bruno both were giggling like

boys.

"I want my shit! Please, I need my shit!" Judith begged.

"Very good!" Ike said. "Put these on!"

A small bundle was tossed in. Judith quickly looked through it. It smelled

like a bar with very bad body odor.

"There aren't any bra or panties." Judith said quizzically.

"Ooh, you don't miss anything, do you?" Bruno said sarcastically.

"All right." she said.

She examined the bottom of her "new" outfit. Denim shorts, very, very short

cut offs. The crotch, less than a quarter inch wide, was obviously stained

brown. The previous owner was not overtly concerned with hygiene. She put

them on. They were extremely tight. Her labia hung out either side, along

with her flabby ass cheeks. She put on the top, a very sheer, white

halter-top.

She had breast fed Julie. Her breasts sagged, though not as much as some women

her age of thirty five. Her nipples were extremely dark and, while not big

around, were very long and large. They showed very much through the sheer

white fabric. She tied the neck strings tightly to hike her breasts up, so as

to not let them sag.

She put on the six inch black stiletto heels and white lace ankle socks.

"Oh God, I look like a whore." Judith said.

"Yeah, our whore." Bruno said.

The door opened and she walked out. Ike was video taping.

"Loosen those strings, let yer tits hang natural like. Sit down." Bruno said.

She did as she was told. "Here ya go." He pushed a pack of the unfiltered

Camels across the table to her. "Fire up."

Judith opened the pack. She extracted a cigarette with great distain. She

spun it around. "There's no filter."

"Nope, just pure tobacco. No menthol. Just your lungs and smoke, the way it

should be." Bruno said. "Now, put it in your mouth and inhale deep. Exhale.

Inhale deep again. If you cough, just do it again."

Judith hated the taste as she put the cigarette in her mouth. She lit the

lighter, then the Camel. She inhaled deep. She coughed.

"Again." She did. She coughed. She continued. after a few times, she did not

cough any more.

"Here." A beer was slid in front of her. "Drink."

She drank beer and smoked four cigarettes. All the while, she shivered.

"Please, give me my shit. I want my shit."

"We had a deal."

"I know, I'll do what you ask, give me my shit, please." she pleaded.

"Tell ya what." Bruno said, "You give me a blow job, you get yer shit early."

"Anything."

Bruno unzipped his fly and plopped his huge member out. "Blow a little

smoke

on it, bitch."

She inhaled very deep and exhaled on the cock.

"Suck away, bitch."

Judith did. It was the first cock that she had touched in years. But she

sucked well. Bruno soon stirred.

"When it comes, you swallow it all or you'll get no shit. You got it?"

"Yes sir." she then resumed sucking. Soon Bruno grunted and the sounds from

Judith's mouth turned to those of gulping and swallowing. She swallowed it

all.

"Here ya go." Bruno said and brought out some heroin and its associated

equipment, including a nasty, used needle. He taught her how to measure and

cook the drug, how to tie the hose and find a vein. Though she could barely

stop shivering enough, he made her do it herself. As she loosened the hose and

drifted into a more comfortable state, Bruno said, "You'll be as good as yer

daughter one day."

As she drifted off but not out, she recalled where she had seen Bruno before.

But she did not care. That night, She was to perform acts that she would never

have dreamed of, but that her teenaged daughter performed on a regular basis

and, in fact, enjoyed. Much as her daughter, her first day and night were to

break her will and spirit. It was just beginning.

CH. 17

"We sold the bulls." Bruno was talking to his "Cunt" and Silky on the

eighteenth day of the chair.

"Oh, no. I wanted them." Julie the Cunt said sadly.

"Well, we didn't really sell them. We traded them."

"For what?!" Silky grinned.

"Ten, count 'em, ten Clydesdales! Each hung bigger'n my arm!" smiled Ike.

"We better stretch my fuck hole out a bit more!" grinned Julie the Cunt.
"You

want me, your Cunt, to take 'em on, don't you?" she said, smiling at Bruno.

"What do you have in mind Cunt?" Bruno asked, curious. "I think that this last

bit of training has helped."

"Well, it's time to feed my "pets" again. God, I love to feel my maggots

crawling around in my fuck hole! And my worms - they tickle inside my shit

hole! How about a few nice, steaming hot Clydesdale pies in my fuck and shit

holes?" Cunt slyly grinned.

"Ooh! I like it. Silky, go get Cunt a big bucket of Clydesdale pies. Don't

fuck 'em though. Wait on it!" commanded Ike.

"Yes sir." said the young black girl cheerfully and was off.

While Silky was out, Bruno and Ike took turns fucking Julie the Cunt's maggot

infested fuck hole while the other filmed. There were a few generations of

flies and maggots going now. Some had crawled to the edge of her cunt and spun

cocoons. Some had metomorphed into adult flies and were presently eating and

mating in the rancid mass even now. And, of course, the present generations of

white, writhing, wormy maggots. The loose, floppy flesh hole made gross

slurping, sucking and sloshing noises as the bikers fucked the teenager hard.

Each would pull out, showing the camera the rancid, runny, swimming with

maggots shit on his dick before he came in Cunt's mouth, after which she would

gleefully suck and lick it clean.

"Here we go!" It was Silky returning with a bucket filled with steaming horse

shit.

"Alright Silky, start with her fuck hole." Bruno directed as Ike resumed

taping.

Silky grabbed a large fistful of the stinking, straw filled manure. She put

her other hand on Cunt's belly, causing a few engorged ticks to slowly crawl

around. Cunt's fuck hole opened effortlessly as Silky's full hand entered.

"Oooh! It's prickly. It sort of hurts so good!" Cunt squealed.

"Enjoy it Cunt!" Ike ordered. "Smile bigger."

Some of the old, runny shit slurped out with a few of the "pets". Silky

withdrew her filthy but empty hand. She repeated again and again. On the

seventh large fistful, Cunt's lower belly was visibly distended. The straw

embedded shit hung out five or six inches. Her normally wrinkly, flappy
labia

were stretched out tight.

"Now her shit hole." Bruno directed.

Silky put one hand against Cunt's fuck hole so that nothing would come out.

She then plunged handful after handful of horse shit up her lover's ass.
Her

hand would come out streaked with shit and covered with worms. Sometimes,

Silky would lick her hand and arm, swallowing the worms with the shit.
Once,

she stated,"I'm gonna have worms like Cunt!" She emptied the bucket and

returned with more. Cunt smoked a Camel while she rubbed her swelling

belly,

not unlike a pregnant woman, both in appearance and mannerism. It took about

twenty minutes to stuff her guts full of horse shit, but it was done.

Her belly was distended as if she were seven months pregnant. Her breasts most

certainly didn't look as if she were pregnant. They were veiny, stretched,

flaccid and covered in deep long stretch marks from their base to their

nipples. Rather than full and swelling out, they were long, thin, wide and

flabby. They hung down along her sides almost under her arms as she reclined.

The two inch long nipples were so covered in bloated grey ticks that you could

not see the hairs on them.

"I want to be stuffed like Cunt!" Silky sulked.

"Alright, get yer bucket, pick out the shit that you want and we'll have Cunt

stuff you. How's that?" said Ike.

"Oooooh!" and Silky was off running with her bucket, tits flapping like mad.

"Cunt, what do you think?" Bruno asked.

"Would it make you happy sir?"

"Oh yeah."

Bruno untied Cunt's feet. Her feet fell with a slap to the floor. She rolled

to the right. Her distended belly flopped over further and upset her balance.

She fell to the floor, flies scattering and relanding. She slowly rolled

over.

She got up on all fours. Her fat, shit stuffed belly swayed. Her tits

flopped out of sink, sometimes audibly slapping together. "Oh God, I need a

cigarette and a drink!"

"Here." Bruno handed her a lit Camel.

She inhaled very deeply, held it and exhaled through her nose. "Where's
that

drink?"

"Here ya go." Ike gave her an eight ounce glass of tequila and a handful of

pills.

"Thanks." She swallowed the dozen or so pills with half of the glass. She

took a few more long drags then downed the rest of the tequila. She smoked

two more Camels before Silky came back with her bucket - heaped full and over

flowing.

"I'm back!" she said ever so happily.

"Lay down in front of Cunt." Ike ordered.

"Yes sir."

Bruno moved the bucket in front of Cunt. "Stuff her, Cunt."

"Yes sir." Cunt said and began shoving handfuls of horse and dog shit into

Silky's black, tick infested cunt and ass. Ike went out with another bucket

and a shovel. When he returned, he placed the heaped, steaming, shit filled

bucket in place of the now empty one.

"Continue, Cunt."

"Yes sir."

When they were done, both girls were swollen full of animal feces, maggots and

worms. They sat back, smoking and licking their hands clean.

"Ike, get those two chairs." Bruno said as he picked up a length of course

rope.

"Ooooh, yeah."

Bruno threw the rope over one of the ceiling beams so that it hung with equal

amounts on each side coiled on the floor. Ike had placed the chairs underneath

the beam, facing each other. He ordered, "Stand on the chairs. Face each

other."

The two teenagers did as they were told. The bikers proceeded to tie the girl's

tits very tightly. Soon, they began to swell and turn purple. The nipples

swelled and extended out. Then, Bruno tied the ends of the rope over the beam

to the youngster's bindings, making sure to leave no slack.

"You ready, Ike?"

"Yep."

Both bikers kicked their respective teen whore's chair out from under them at

the same time. The girls dropped a few inches as their tits absorbed their

full weight and stretched some more. Flies scattered at the sudden shock to

their world. The girl's bellies bounced together, forcing some shit to shoot

out of the various holes. Finally they settled, belly to belly. The men then

grabbed them around their waists and hung there, stretching the young abused

tits to even more horrible lengths! They jerked the girls up and down until

they cried and laughed hysterically.

"We'll be back" said Bruno as both men left the room.

Ch. 18

The girls kissed passionately. They felt each other's obscenely stretched

breasts. The men had been gone over an hour.

"I hope that my tits get so long that they touch my navel!" said Cunt.

"Oooh, yeah! That'd be great!" Silky grinned.

Cunt was eyeing Silky's nipples and armpits. They were covered in shiny grey,

engorged ticks. Silky's pit, cunt and leg hair was very kinky. The ticks were

way down in it. "Why I do believe you have some of my pets."

"I only took a few. A seed crop if you will. Most of 'em just hopped aboard

when I was gettin' with you."

"I like being with you Silky." smiled Cunt.

"And I like being with you Cunt. You're fun."

"I hope that we can be room mates later."

"We almost are now. You know, I need a fix pretty bad. I'm startin' to

shake."

"Don't worry, the guys'll be back soon' Silky. I need some too"

"I sure hope so. As a matter of fact, I could use a drink and some pills.

Hell, I'd smack my momma for a couple of Camels." Silky said.

"You know, it was such shit, all of that paranoid propaganda against our so

called vices! I love being absolutely, totally addicted to heroin. It
makes

me feel so good. I want and need more and more every day. I'm never going
to

quit. I like feeling the needle in my arm. And pills have made my life so

much more interesting. And don't even try to take my Camels or tequila! I

can't function without my first three or four cigarettes in the morning!
Hell,

sometimes I'll wake up in the middle of the night and smoke five or six."

Cunt

smiled.

"And fucking!"

"Gawd! It's great. And lez sex. I could eat pussy for days!" Cunt returned.

"Yum yum!"

"And piercings! I want more and more."

"I'll do you - you do me!"

"And shaving! What a racquet! What a pain!" yelled Silky.

"Never again!" yelled Cunt. "We're gonna be Camel chain smokin', tequila

drinkin', pill swallowin', heroin shootin', body pierced, saggy titted, big

bellied, hairy, bisexual, beast fuckin' whores!"

"And lovin' it!" added Silky.

"Well, I think you bitches are our kinda cunts!" it was Ike coming back with

Bruno.

"Yes!" the girls said together.

The bikers drug a few large heavy boxes into the room.

"Here. These will help." Bruno said.

The men proceeded to shackle the girl's ankles. To these they added ten pounds

to each ankle. They hung 24oz. fishing weights from each of their cunt

piercings - 27 pounds from each cunt. Their tits held their own weight plus

nearly fifty pounds of lead! Their tits and labia were now stretched to the

truly grotesque!

The men then gave their women their much needed drugs and cigarettes. They

shot them up with heroin and gave them handfuls of pills chased down with full

glasses of tequila. Extra pain killers and muscle relaxants were in the mix.

"You'll stay here 'til day after tomorrow. Then, Silky sits in the chair while

you fuck the dogs, the horses and - finally - the Clydesdales. You'll be able

to take 'em up the shitter without batting an eye before it's all done. Your

rectum will be so wrecked, you won't be able to hold a turd in. They'll just

fall on the floor as you walk!" Bruno smiled.

"I can't wait sir! I want to be what you want me to be." drooled Cunt - the

drugs were kicking in.

"Good Cunt."

"Oh, I have someone that I want you to meet in a few weeks. Someone that you

haven't seen in quite some time." Ike said with a sly smile.

Ch. 19

The girls passed the time talking and sleeping. All they could do was hang by

their tits which simply stretched more and more. After the first day, Ike and

Bruno had added another ten pounds to each ankle, stressing their breasts even

more. They had then hooked another round of weights to their cunts. These

were only 16oz., but still, this added more than 11 pounds for a total of over

thirty eight pounds swinging from their abused cunts! Parts of their cunts

were stretched down to the middle of their hairy thighs and were thin enough to

see light through.

After the allotted time, Bruno and Ike came and let the girls down. They took

off the various weights. The girl's labia slowly unstretched but only to about

half way. Their tits were nearly to their navels! They were pretty much

stretched permanently.

"I'll miss you!" said Silky as she sat in the chair that Cunt had occupied for

the last few weeks, placing her legs into the stirrups.

"I'll be back. I'm just going to fuck all the animals that I can for a few

weeks!" beamed Cunt.

Bruno, who had begun stuffing fistfuls of maggot ridden dog and horse shit

into Silky's various tick lined openings, said "Yeah, you two are going to be

together again soon! You'll live together and work together."

"Work? What work?" Cunt asked.

"Soon enough Cunt, soon enough."

Julie was led waddling down to the kennels. Her stomach, bowels and cunt were

still full of rancid shit and maggots and parasitic worms. This was slowly

running down her thighs in wide lumpy brown rivulets swimming with white,

wriggling creatures. Flies swarmed around her, darting, flying and landing.

She was still covered in ticks. If she had gotten on a scale, she would have

seen that her weight was now only sixty nine pounds! That is, if the twenty

pounds of shit and filth were subtracted! She hadn't had to walk or support

her weight in weeks, so her getting along was slow.

Once they got down to the kennels, Bruno said "Sit!"

Cunt sat on the ground.

"Roll over!"

She rolled over.

"Good Cunt!" as he gave her a Milk Bone. It was her first "food" in weeks.

She ate it greedily. Ike gave her a Camel. She finished it in three drags and

started another. Bruno gave her a handful of pills and an eight ounce glass

of tequila. She swallowed the pills with the whole glass.

Eight ounces of tequila did not even get Cunt a good buzz anymore. She drank

heavily...she did everything in extreme. A fifth and a half of tequila every

day. Seven or more packs of the unfiltered Camel cigarettes. Ten on a

particularly boring day. Ten dozen pills of all sorts. She mainlined heroin

seven or eight times a day now. It was hard to find a good vein sometimes.

She had needle marks everywhere, arms, thighs, calves, between toes and

fingers, breasts...anywhere that a needle could find a vein. At fourteen and a

half, she was quite a sight.

Ike gave Cunt a shot of heroin behind her knee. Cunt, on all fours, hung her

head to the pavement. Her belly and her tits swung pendulously. As all of the

drugs and alcohol kicked in, Cunt began drooling. She smiled as she looked up

and saw Bruno video taping.

"Are you ready for your new lovers, Cunt you bitch whore? Remember, twenty

five Great Danes, forty five Rotweilers, fifteen Bassett Hounds, and about two

hundred fifty large mix breeds and Lord Dick." asked Ike.

"Oh yeah, sir have them all fuck me. I wanna be FUCKED! Absolutely goddam

FUCKED til I can't fuckin' walk!" she was livid, high as a kite.

"OK, bitch, you're gonna be bitch to the mixed breeds first, then the Bassets,

Rotties and Danes. You'll get Lord Dick just before the horses."

"Bring 'em on. I wanna be dog fucked!"

Five large mutts were let out into the yard. They sniffed about, not used to

being out. Then one walked over to cunt. He sniffed her ass. Another dog

noticed and investigated. The first dog growled as he began to mount his

newfound bitch. His cock, not completely hard, was about ten inches with the

knot. He pumped air. It took a while, but his cock hit home. As he rammed it

in, filth shot out. Bruno filmed all.

Cunt got another dog to lay down on its back in front of her. She began to

suck hard on his cock. She stopped with a funny look on her face. She stuck a

few fingers in her mouth. They came out with a yellowish white object. Bruno

filmed as she smiled a gapped tooth smile. The punch weeks ago had killed her

right middle incisor and now it had fallen out! If she didn't look cheap

before, this cinched it.

She went right back to dog cock sucking. The dog fucking her threw his leg

over so that they were now ass to ass. He dragged her around some, scraping

her knees. She didn't care. The second dog came in her mouth and on her face.

It sat down and licked himself.

"I need a Camel!" Cunt said.

Ike gave her one and lit it.

Cunt wiped a bit of dog cum from her eye and nonchalantly licked it off of her

finger.

"Cool! I can fit my Camel in my gap!" she said showing the cigarette in the

gap in her teeth. She smoked three more, had some tequila then started

sucking another dog. After a half hour of lockup, the first dog came out with

an audible plop. He sat and licked himself. Cum and filth ran out of her

cunt. Another dog mounted her and humped air for broke. His cock was very

hard but the knot wasn't full yet. Still it was a good foot long. Once he had

thrown his leg over, Ike put a larger dog on top of the locked up pair. He

guided the enormous cock into her shit hole, being sure that the knot went in.

Cunt moaned. Then another dog lay in front of cunt. She sucked hard!

The foursome were together fifteen minutes. Then the dog in her mouth blew an

absolutely huge load of dog sperm all over her face and hair. The dog in her

shit hole threw his leg over. The two dogs began growling and tugging in

different directions, but they were locked in! Film was rolling as her fuck

and shit holes stretched outward with the strain of dog knots striving to get

out! Finally, the smaller dog in her cunt tore loose. A resounding pop was

heard even on the other side of the compound!

The dog in her ass continued to pump liquid loads of cum into her already

grossly full bowels as filth, maggots and dog cum poured out of her widely

gaping cunt. He drug her around for nearly an hour. Finally, he too plopped

out. After all five lovers had been in all three holes at least once, they

were locked into their cages.

"God, that was great!" Cunt screamed as she stayed on all fours.

"And its only just started bitch." Ike smiled.

"Sir," she said to Bruno "I'm hungry."

"Here ya go!" said Bruno as he pulled a tray out from under one of the cages.

"Eat up!"

The tray was heavily full of dog shit and piss. It hadn't been cleaned in days

in anticipation of just this situation. Of course, it was all crowded with

tape worms, roundworms and maggots.

"Mmmmmmm. Yummy." Cunt said as she ate it up as if it were pate with her hands

and fingers. She cleaned the tray, tilted it, drank all of the liquid and

placed it back into position. "Make me more for later." she said to the cages

inhabitant. Three hours had passed.

Five more "lovers" were let out to have their way with their bitch. It went

the way of the first set. Her knees, elbows and wrists were raw and bloody.

She ate and drank two trays of waste. Dog cum oozed from her ass and cunt. It

ran in streams down the inside of her thighs. Copious amounts were dripping

from her hair and face and down her chin and neck. Dog drool coated her back

and ran down her sides to drip off of her sagging tits and swollen stomach.

"We'll be back!" said Ike as he and Bruno let another group take their place.

This was going to take awhile and would go on around the clock.

And it did. Cunt fucked and sucked large dogs day and night. Her ass and cunt

were nearly always full! She was covered in cum and drool. Her only breaks

were to change "teams" of canine lovers. Then she ate and drank dog shit and

piss with glee. She savored every worm and maggot. Her hair (all of it,

all

over her, but especially her head) were matted down with cum. During this

time, she greedily Bogarted Camels, one after the other. She gulped tequila

and pills while someone else shot her up with heroin, frequently laced or even

loaded with other drugs, usually muscle relaxants.

It continued for a week and a half. Then the Bassets had her one by one. The

Rottweilers then got her in teams of three. The Great Danes were then brought

in.

The Danes ranged from really large to cocks as long as a man's arm. Cunt took

them all, one by one, to the hilt.

After the last one had exited her slack shit hole without even a plop, Bruno

said "That's all of 'em! Ready for a break?"

"As you wish sir."

"Oh, wait. We forgot one." laughed Ike.

One of the other bikers came around the corner with a leash. Following was the

largest dog that Cunt had ever dreamed to imagine! Lord Dick!

"Oh God, I have to fuck him! I want that beast's cock in my cunt!" she said as

she presented herself, ass first to Lord Dick. He immediately strained at the

leash. As he was let loose, he rushed to sniff his new bitch. Pink began to

show from the huge furry sheath. Cunt turned and sniffed her stud's tool. She

kissed it and licked it. It began to lengthen and harden. She sucked it. It

grew. It looked like the next largest dog's cock had been inflated to a size

again larger. Veins stood out all along it's length. Cunt had to use both

hands to barely get around the knot!

Cunt turned her ass to the stud. "Fuck me! Cram that knot into my whore cunt

and pump me for all you're worth mother fucker! Fuck me!"

Lord Dick obliged. He mounted Cunt. As soon as the tip touched the sloppy,

floppy, filthy lips of his bitch's cunt, he rammed it in up to the knot with an

audible slap.

"FUCK YEAH! God it's good! Gimme the knot fucker, the knot. I gotta have

that Goddam knot in my cunt. Give it to me mother fucker!"

One more thrust and with a loud, wet, hollow sounding plop, the knot was in.

The lovers were locked together. They stayed locked for nearly an hour. Cunt

was cussing much of the time, giving a play by play of what she felt and what

was happening. Copious amounts of cum spewed out after the first ten minutes

and continued until the knot tore out with an even louder sound than when it

went in. Cum began pouring out in globs.

"Oh God, I'm still cumming!"

"Roll over on your back bitch, knees in the air!" Ike yelled.

"Yes sir!"

As Ike put the camera right up to her grotesquely gaping, filthy whore hole, he

turned on the light. He could see her cervix dipping in and out of the pool of

canine cum as she came, sucking it into her womb!

After a few minutes, Bruno asked "Now are you ready for a break bitch?"

"If you want me to. I'm really looking forward to fucking the horses, though!"

Cunt frowned. As she stood on her knees, canine cum poured out of her fuck

hole and shit hole. Long strings of it, mixed with drool, hung from her lips

and chin.

"You'll have 'em soon enough." said Ike. "First, try this." He pulled out a

glass pipe, a lighter and a baggie full of little off-white rocks.

"Oooh, what is this?" Cunt asked.

"Crack, here - smoke it." said Ike as he put a rock in the pipe and lit it.

Cunt drew the vapors into her lungs. WHAM! The high hit her like a freight

train. She sucked again. This was great!

"Oh God, I love it!" Cunt cooed before drawing another lungful of the vaporous

drug.

Over the next two hours, she shot up a fix of heroin, smoked a pack and a half

of Camels, took a dozen pills chased by a third of a bottle of tequila and

smoked as many rocks of crack as the men would let her. She was addicted to

the new drug fast and hard. The bikers had Cunt, formerly Julie, addicted to

several packs of unfiltered Camel cigarettes, dozens of pills, a fifth and a

half of tequila, six or seven fixes of heroin and now who knows how much crack

cocaine every day. At fourteen and a half, she had used more drugs, by type

AND quantity than people three times her age. And she was truly living in

depravity. She fucked thousands of men and women of all races and orientation.

She fucked and sucked hundreds of dogs. She got pleasure from eating and

drinking human and animal waste. Her body was altered to a grotesque, perverse

shadow of what it had been. It only weighed 69 pounds and was stretched and

covered in bloated ticks. Her intestines were packed full with parasitic

worms. She was filthy, inside and out. She was missing a tooth. She loved

her condition. She had begun a slide into depravity that now took her to begin

copulating with and sucking off horses. But it would slide even further than

that very soon!

Ch. 20

"Well, let's go meet yer new lovers." said Bruno.

Cunt blurted without thinking, "I'm not ready, I want more crack!"

Bruno punched Cunt square in the mouth, sending her sprawling on her flaccid

belly across a puddle of dog cum, piss and shit along with the ever present

maggots. Ike kicked her in the teeth, flipping her onto her back. As she

rolled over to get up on all fours, she spit. Three white bits and some blood

came out. She looked up and smiled. Her remaining front teeth were gone!

"I'm sorry! So sorry sirs! Please, just a little more crack and I'll be good.

Please!"

"O.K., here." said Ike as he fired up the crack pipe. Cunt sucked greedily and

deep. Until her new life style, Julie, now Cunt, never knew of her addictive

personality. These men relied on their ability to find such girls and women

for their livelihood. Already, her films were available widely on the market.

There were literally hundreds of ninety minute features of the early teen

performing her lurid acts of sex and drugs.

As she finished her third rock, Bruno grabbed her by her hair and forced Cunt

to her feet. "Now, are you ready to fuck some horses you goddam whore bitch?"

"Bring 'em on sirs, bring 'em all on."

As they neared the stables, the smell of horses became strong. They could also

smell copious amounts of horse piss and shit. They were as ready for her own

style of depravity as the dogs had been. As they arrived, Cunt saw that not

only were there the expected piles of decaying, moving with maggots horse shit,

there were large bins piled high with shit. They stopped.

"Are you hungry, Cunt?" Bruno asked.

"Yes sir!"

"Eat up. Don't stop 'til I say so." he said.

The filthy, smelly, hairy, essentially disfigured and mentally nearly broken

teen drug addict squatted down. She looked for what she knew they wanted. She

stuck her hand into a pile that was liquid and warm from decomposition. The

flies looked a little different from those on the dog shit. But she grabbed a

big handful of the straw reinforced mass and ate it. She really had to chew

because of the straw. It stuck in the holes where her teeth had been. When

she finished that pile she found another and another. She was proud as she

looked up and saw the camcorder. She was, after all, a famous actress. She

had fans who wanted to see her. She smiled a toothless, shit filled smile for

the camera. She went back to eating. After about twenty minutes, she was

obviously stuffed.

"O.K., good girl. You can stop now. Get up and follow us." said Ike.

They entered the stables and went downstairs. There were pipes here. They

collected the run off from the horses pissing. Much shit also fell through the

gratings into troughs underneath.

"Drag 'yer tits through this trough Cunt."

"Yes sir." she drug them in it, the rings in her long nipples clanging on the

metal.

"Rub it in."

She rubbed the runny piss and shit mixture on her hairy nipples, disturbing her

"pet" ticks.

"Jump up on this bench." Ike motioned to a high wooden bench. Cunt got on and

sat on it. Give me 'yer arm."

She presented her arm.

"This is a little smack, some muscle relaxants, and some hypnotics - this that

and the other. We're gonna trash your brain. You're goin' on a one way trip.

It'll be fun. I doubt that you'll know who you were or even are." laughed Ike

along with Bruno.

Bruno said "You were bad, so we are gonna stuff yer gut while you fuck these

fine beasts."

"Please sir" pleaded Cunt "don't destroy my mind, I'll be good." Ike had been

injecting her and now loosened the hose on her severely scarred arm. Her eyes

rolled back and she was out.

"You'll be whatever we want. You whore!" Bruno spit on her.

When she awoke a few minutes later, she was very relaxed. She stood up smiled

a goofy grin and said "I have to go sirs."

"Hold on, I'll tape it. Go ahead, anywhere you like." said Ike.

She stood there, right where she was between the men and, without a thought,

loosed her bowels. What must have been two or three quarts of dog cum, shit

and various parasitic worms spewed out of her ass and ran down her hairy, tick

covered legs.

"Excellent!" laughed Bruno. "You're a brainless little fuck without a thought

of your own aren't you?"

"I don't need a brain sir," smiled Cunt gap toothed and stupidly, "I am a

famous porn actress. A real whore. I only need to follow your expert

direction."

"Oh, yeah. Progress!" laughed Ike. "Remember that combination of shit we gave

her."

"Got it."

Ike said "Back on the bench, Cunt."

"Yes sir." she jumped up.

"Feet up." ordered Bruno.

They put her feet in shackles for stirrups. They then placed a plastic pipe

the size of a vacuum cleaner hose up her gaping, dripping shit hole. They then

pumped what they scraped out of the troughs into her bowels. A thick mix of

horse piss and shit went in. After a while, Cunt's flaccid belly began to swell

again. The stretch marks spread out. Her navel, padlock and all, poked

outward. The skin of her belly became shiny and taught as it ballooned out.

Finally, when she looked to be way beyond full term pregnant and moaned, they

stopped.

"Sit up, Cunt." Bruno ordered.

"Yes sir." She could barely move, but she managed to sit up.

"Get up and follow us." Ike said.

With great difficulty, she got to her feet and waddled after the men. The

stairs up to the stables were comically difficult. She had fallen on her

stomach once. The resulting pressure had forced a blob the size of a man's

fist of the mixture in her ass shooting a good three feet. This was caught on

film.

As they reached the stables, they were at one end, near a stall. Bruno opened

the door and shoved Cunt in, unceremoniously. "Sit on the stool."

She did. This placed her underneath her first horse.

"Lick him you fuckin' slut." Bruno chided.

She licked the black fuzzy sheath under the horses belly.

"Mmmmmmmm. Smells good." she moaned.

As she licked, the cock began to drop from the sheath. She licked the head.

She mouthed it. The cock grew. It hung down, she stroked and sucked it. She

deep throated ten of its eighteen inches. It began to harden and lift toward

its belly. The beast began to whinny. Cunt began to moan and gurgle. Horse

cum spewed out of her nose. It began spurting from around the horses cock. It

ran down her throat, down her tits splayed across her distended belly and down

her legs. This she began rubbing feverishly into her cunt.

As she removed the cock from her throat, she looked directly into the camera,

licked her lips between the gap in her teeth and said "Next!"

She only had to heavily waddle while smoking three cigarettes at once to the

next stall to find her next equine lover. There was a curious bench that would

allow her to be on all fours at the right level to be fucked from behind by the

horse. This horse was obviously larger than the first. A third again bigger.

She took a long drag on her trio of Camels, tossed them aside and exhaled

through her nostrils. She sat underneath him and began her oral and manual

stimulation. As it's cock hardened up to its full twenty four inches, she got

on all fours on the bench beneath the beast. She reached back, grabbed the

cock and rubbed it around her filthy cunt, rings jingling. Then, it plopped

in, almost effortlessly. It ran in about seven inches, where its girth

increased. Then she rocked back and forth, working it in. The horse began

thrusting. Twelve inches, up to the midway ring, of horse cock had worked into

her sloppy cunt. Dog cum ran out. The horse cock was three inches across here

and showed no signs of slowing on its way in. The two lovers were

synchronized

in their motion. She moaned, he whinnied and snorted. Her tits flapped and

slapped noisily against her swollen belly. Three quarters of the two foot dick

were in the fourteen year old's puss. It was beginning to stretch her now, at

four inches in diameter.

The stallion began ramming in earnest now. More and more plunged into his mate.

She began moaning louder "Oh, God, Oh, God! Fuck me dammit, fuck me!" The

horse was in up to his sheath, two feet long and nearly five inches in

diameter. As each stroke drew back a foot and a half, air was sucked noisily

into the hungry hole. As it rammed back in, air noisily and wetly farted out

of her cunt. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me! I want cum! Fill my gaping cunt you

goddam sonofabitch! Fill me!"

As the horse began a high pitched whiney, he came. And came. After several

pulses of cum had entered the girl's cavernous cunt, it began shooting out a

foot or so. It ran in rivers down her thighs and belly. The teen grunted and

cursed. She reached back and grabbed handfuls of horse jism. She spread it on

her tits and body. She ate it. She loved it. The men filmed her smiling as

equine sperm flowed off of her tongue, between the gap in her teeth and down

her chin.

She fucked a few more horses. She got another smack cocktail shot into her

arm. She passed out for a few minutes. She awoke in a puddle of horse cum.

Then the men ordered her to take the next one up the ass. She complied. The

beast had trouble getting it in since her shit hole was already so full of

horse shit. But it went in eventually. All twenty four inches. As he came

and she cussed, a mixture of cum and shit shot out of her ass. Creamy brown

slime mixed with straw and worms. She reached back, got a handful and ate it

with glee. She grabbed and ate more and more.

After two days, she had sucked and fucked all of the horses.

It was time for the Clydesdale.

He stood a third again higher than the next largest horse. As she licked

him,

thirty two inches of cock appeared in her face. She turned and placed him in

her ravaged cunt. As all but about four inches rushed in, she was forced

forward. As he withdrew, she rolled back. Back and forth she rocked as the

cock impaled her over and over. Each time it bottomed out in her horribly

stretched cunt and shoved her forward. She had met her match.

"Hey bitch, put it in yer shitter!" Bruno ordered.

"That's perfect man." said Ike.

The teen obliged. This time the cock bottomed out with five inches showing.

Then the monster came.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! He's cumming! He's filling my fucking ass

full!" Cunt screamed in a combination of agony and ecstasy.

As she said this, cum and shit spewed at high pressure out of her reamed

shitter. She lunged forward and the cock came out, still shooting cum. As she

rocked back, she put it in her cunt. This time, the beast rammed it in to the

hilt! Cum streamed everywhere! She cried and smiled a gap toothed smile with

her head thrown back against the horses stomach!

She had done all of the animals!

Now, the men set the camcorder on a tripod. They got undressed and fucked

their whore for all they were worth. They fucked her every which way. The men

finished off by double stuffing her filthy shit hole. It was loose even with

both men's cocks in it! They deposited their semen in the loose hole and got

up and dressed.

Ch. 21

Cunt awoke the next morning next to Silky.

"Hey girlfriend."

"Hey babe." said Cunt as she French kissed the black teen good morning.

As Cunt got out of bed, she noticed her belly was flaccid again. It hung down

like a third tit. She was clean.

"Did I have a shower?"

Silky eyed Cunt coyly and said "No, I licked you clean while you slept. You

were exhausted. You were also delicious!"

"Thanks."

The men walked in. Cunt laid down and spread her legs.

"Very good whore, but we won't be fucking you anymore." said Bruno.

"Why sir?" she asked.

"Obedient, but not quite there." Ike said. "Here, do this." He handed Cunt a

filled syringe and hose.

The teen did as she was told. She found a vein on the inside of her bicep.

She shot the cocktail in and removed the hose. She swayed and her head bobbed,

but she didn't pass out. She was becoming accustomed to the mix. She took

a

handful of mixed pills with a big gulp cup of tequila. She was given a glass

pipe and a bag filled with crack rocks. She smoked several of them. As all of

the drugs kicked in, some interacting, Cunt drooled a little. It didn't even

annoy her that the ends of her Camels were getting wet and messy with the

drool.

"Here, get dressed, we're goin' to Mexico!" Bruno tossed a wad of clothes at

Cunt.

They were her old outfit. She put on the black leather micro miniskirt. She

stuffed her flaccid, stretched, ruined tits into the see through, yellow halter

top. She pulled on the spike heels and stood. Her hairiness was apparent in

this outfit. You could see several ticks, especially the ones around her long

dark nipples. They showed as dark grey bumps through the sheer yellow fabric

of the halter.

CH. 22

They had rode for hours on dirt trails. She was on the back of Bruno's Harley

again. They had crossed a small, dirty creek a few hours ago. Ike said that

it was the Rio Grande. They were in Mexico!

A few more hours and the sun had gone down. They came upon a small hospital on

the outskirts of a small city.

"Here we are." said Ike as they stopped and shut down the bikes. "This is the

regional hospital for the treatment of their more difficult to treat sexually

transmitted diseases."

They walked in. Bruno and Ike talked in Spanish with the night attendant.

Some money changed hands. The attendant and five nurses left the building.

Ike grabbed a stack of charts.

"Let's see what our little whore Cunt will be doing tonight and tomorrow.

There are one hundred fifty eight men and ninety four women here. Between

them, there are two hundred forty two cases of gonorrhea, one hundred thirty

six cases of syphilis, several chlamydia, most everyone has head and pubic

lice - with your ticks, I doubt that you'll notice the addition, and oh yes,

thirty nine cases of AIDS. You want to do these people, Cunt? You want to

fuck and suck and eat all of these diseased bastards?"

"Yes sir. Let them do me please. I want them all!" she said.

"You'll catch all of these diseases bitch. Do you want to catch all of
these

diseases?" probed Bruno.

"Do you want me to?"

"Yep."

"Do I get my cigarettes, heroin, crack, pills and tequila even after I've

caught them? Can I do Silky still?"

"Yep and yep. You get it all" Ike stated.

"Let's start this train. I wanna get fucked!" yelled Cunt.

They went into the cafeteria. A line of sickly Mexicans, men and women,

dressed only in hospital gowns filed around the room and out the door. It

ended at a table in the middle of the cafeteria. Cunt instinctively hopped up

on the table and spread her hairy legs, hiking her micro mini skirt up. Her

wide open cunt was soaking wet in anticipation of things to come.

The first man stood between the whore's legs. Bruno said something in Spanish

and the man walked around to the right side of her face. He lifted his gown

exposing ten inches of hard cock. It was covered it scabby open sores. The

tip oozed a thick green discharge. Cunt kissed the tip and sucked the

discharge off of and out of the cock in a long, thick string. She licked her

lips for the ever present camera, spreading the filth around her lips. She

then proceeded to kiss and lick each open sore before sucking the whole cock.

After a few minutes, the man was ordered around to her twat and he plunged the

disease infected cock in. He came in moments, dumping his clap and

syphilis-laden load into her gaping, loose cunt.

Next, an older woman clambered aboard the table, straddling Cunt's face. As

she lifted her gown, she exposed her cunt. There were open sores all over the

inner labia. A runny, cottage cheese like substance mixed with green pus oozed

out. Several globs fell on the teenager's face. Cunt plunged her tongue and

face in. The filth covered her face. She brought the woman to climax in less

than two minutes. When the woman climbed off, her cunt was clean save for the

sores. But as the camera zoomed in on the fourteen year old's face, it was

absolutely covered in puss and discharge. She licked her lips. She wiped her

face and licked her hands until she had ingested it all.

This went on with breaks only for drugs and cigarettes. Each time she needed

some heroin, the men would have her shoot up one of the AIDS patients first,

using the patient's own needle. Then she would use the same needle to shoot

herself up. She was being exposed to every STD imaginable. She was full of

parasites, bacteria and viruses. She loved it. Her drug shredded mind loved

it all.

She had every one in the hospital at least twice. She would do several at

once. Cunt, ass, hands and mouth would be full or covered with diseased and

filthy cocks and cunts. When it was over, the staff had returned. She did the

petting zoo's burro from across the road as a finale for all to see. Even the

staff applauded.

They then left and rode north.

Ch. 23

The next day, they came upon a larger hospital in a more secluded area. They

waited in the hospital's cafeteria smoking lounge, Cunt chain smoking like a

fiend. Often, she hid in a blind corner, smoking crack like the fiend she had

become. Every so often, Ike or Bruno would sneak her some pills with tequila.

Twice, they made her go out to dig in the dumpster to get a dirty needle for

her "cocktail", making sure that it was retrieved from the lowest, wettest and

smelliest part possible. This "cocktail" was still mostly heroin, but the men

added a widening variety of additives, just to laugh at their effects. The

teenaged whore was completely brainwashed and brain damaged. She was

constantly high on a multitude of drugs. She knew only extreme kink sex and

the craving for drugs. She ate only feces and drank only urine.

After dark, The trio went to an auditorium. A gurney was in the center of the

room. Cunt hopped up into position. A line formed around the perimeter of the

room.

Ike said, "We'll be here all weekend. There are five hundred seventy eight STD

patients here."

Cunt had two Camels stuck into her tooth gap. She removed them and said,

"Let's get fucking!"

And the fucking did begin. These people had advanced cases of diseases. Cunt,

in her drug twisted mind, found getting these diseases erotic. She wanted the

green pus, the cottage cheese discharge, the open sores, even the lethal

viruses.

After about eighty patients had done her, Bruno yelled, "Ike, look at this!"

Ike grabbed some files that Bruno handed him and read them. "Yes! This is

great!"

He yelled out a few names. About twenty five men and fifteen women came

forward.

"Hey! You fucking filthy whore!" yelled Bruno.

"That would be me, sir." said Cunt as she sat up on her elbows. Cum and pus

ran in globs down her face.

"Guess what these losers have in common?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Genital warts!" He yelled in Spanish and the group raised their gowns,

exposing severe warts on their groins. They were grotesque. Lumps clustered

all over the men's dicks. Some lumps made the cocks fist like. Some women

were nearly closed up with large clumps of the warty flesh.

"Oh, God, give 'em to me! I want them to fuck me! I gotta get those. I want

my cunt covered in warts. Please sirs give them to me!" Cunt pleaded.

And so, the wart infected group moved up in the line. Cunt loved the texture

of the fleshy globs of infected flesh in her cunt and shit hole. She licked

them and rubbed them on her gums where her front teeth had been. The women

ground their hideous cunts on her face and filthy fuck hole. She came

constantly.

After a few hours, Ike asked, "Are ya hungry, Cunt?"

"Yes sir, what do you want me to eat?"

A bit of Spanish, and a fat Mexican woman climbed with great effort onto the

gurney. She placed her ass about a foot above Cunt's mouth. She then spewed a

non-stop stream of brown, lumpy liquid shit into the teen whore's mouth. She

ate and drank it all. She wiped off her face and licked her hands as the

obese woman lumbered off.

It was early Monday morning when the trio left for their next destination.

Ch. 24

They came upon some sort of research facility. There were lots of animals

here.

"Am I going to fuck these animals, sirs?" Cunt asked.

"No, you're getting some more pets." Bruno said.

"Like my ticks, fleas and crabs?"

"Maybe even more personal than that." Ike snickered.

They went in and met a man in a white lab coat.

"Hey dudes!" he greeted them. "Everything's ready. Is this her?"

"Yep. Put 'em on her." Ike said.

"Actually, sort of in her." the lab coat guy corrected. "Bot fly larvae are

subcutaneous."

"Just do it while you give us the school lesson. Show him your tits Cunt."

Ike ordered.

Cunt let her ruined, stretch mark covered tits loose from the yellow, stained

halter. They flopped out with an audible slap as they hit her belly, the

stretched nipples pointing straight down.

"Ooooh, these will add some interest to these already beautiful tits!" lab coat

guy exclaimed, lifting her thin, long, wide tits and letting them slap against

her belly. "Where do you want them?"

Cunt grinned, showing her gap.

"All over the tits, but as many as you can in those hairy nipples." Bruno

replied.

"Man, they'll look good." lab coat guy said as he licked his lips and got out

some dirty instruments and a few large dishes. "The bot fly larvae are

maggots, like all fly larvae. But, instead of feeding on garbage or feces,

they feed on living flesh - just under the skin. They start out small, only a

millimeter or so. As they eat and grow, they can attain a good two and a half

inches in length, an inch or more in diameter. Maybe even an inch and a half.

They'll turn a dark brown and you'll see their spicules or breathing tubes poke

out of the skin. Also, you'll see them wriggling under the skin. They're

beautiful. When they're ready, the maggots will push their massive selves out

through the tiny hole that they have been breathing through, leaving a large

hole and a large cavity under the skin. Do send me video!"

After quite some time, lab coat guy had placed a hundred small, white,

wriggling dots just under the teen whore's tit flesh.

Cunt had been chain smoking three Camels at a time the whole while. She took a

long, deep drag, finishing her current trio. She exhaled the extremely thick

white smoke from her nostrils and through the gap in her teeth.

"Are there any more bots?" she asked in a teasing tone.

"Yes. Many of them." said lab coat guy.

"Can I have them on my cunt sirs? Please!" she squealed.

"Put 'em on her cunt." said Bruno.

"As many as will fit." said Ike.

Ch. 25

They took their time, stopping at five more hospitals, Cunt fucking hundreds of

disease ridden, vile outcasts. After ten days or so, cankers began appearing

on Cunt's labia and around her mouth. A day later various smelly discharges,

both thin and thick, sometimes as thick and lumpy as cottage cheese. Things

were beginning to visibly writhe and wriggle underneath the skin of her tits

and cunt lips. The tits and cunt began swelling as the creatures inside grew,

living off of her scant flesh. She had contracted the diseases. After three

weeks on the road, the trio arrived back at the club.

Cunt was led to her room and locked in, alone. After a half hour, she really

wanted a Camel. After another half hour she felt pretty bad. She was beginning

to crave a lot of things. She was beginning to shake. She sat and pulled her

tits out of her tattered and stained halter top. Her tits were mere empty,

stretch mark covered, flapping bags of flesh. But now she had something in

her

tit bags. She watched as the ever growing bot larvae writhed under her skin.

She loved to hold her squirming tit bags to her nose and sniff. The sweet

smell of her own decaying flesh.

She was hungry. She absent-mindedly diddled her finger up her loose ass and

pulled out a thick, nine inch long, hard turd. She held it to her eyes and

watched as masses of white worms wriggled about their vehicle. She licked off

a few bits of tape worm. She had loved the earthy taste of shit ever since

that afternoon six months ago with Bruno and Stump. She popped it into her

mouth and bit off a third sideways, since she had no front teeth, and chewed.

She squatted and began bearing down to release another load of shit. She was

frequently constipated and had to work hard to get a good shit snack. The

constant straining and extreme anal sex had produced piles much larger than

Silky's. On a good day, they were the size of a trio of golf balls.

Today, as she pushed hard, the piles popped wetly out from her ass. They

swole out to their enormous size and parted as a two and a half inch wide turd

began gliding out. After eight inches hung out, she stood up and walked around

the room, rubbing her legs together. She liked the feel of shit on her skin

and in her cunt and leg hair. She liked to watch her various worms playing in

the filthy hair. After she tired of this, she would usually gather them up and

eat them or shove them into her filthy, vile cunt.

After walking around for a few minutes, she squatted about halfway, grunted and

caught the foot long shit as it fell from her gaping shit hole. She again

looked at the thousands of passengers. She shoved the entire thing into her

cavernous cunt, pushing it in an additional two inches with an index finger

that was promptly licked clean.

As she moved her hand away, she noticed a flurry of activity under the skin of

her labia. The bots had been disturbed and were wriggling like mad. Like her

tits, the once droopy cunt lips were now full, even distended and lumpy.

Especially with the warts growing.

An hour and a half later, Cunt was laying on the floor, shaking. She was

hurting all over. The drugs were wearing off. She was beginning to think

clearly for the first time in six months. She was beginning to remember. She

could feel the bot larvae crawling under her skin, eating her flesh. The sores

and cankers were burning. Her fuck hole and shit hole were on fire. Her

stomach was convulsing with withdrawal. She was sickeningly aware of masses

moving in her intestines. Between this, the vision and sensation of the

writhing of the maggots under her skin and her own vile smell, she heaved all

over her tits, stomach and lap the shit and worms that she had eaten

earlier.

"Great, now scrape it up and eat it for the camera!" It was Bruno at the door.

"Please, help me. I hurt. I'm sick." she begged.

"Yes, very sick. Yer the star of several dozen of the sickest fuck flicks ever

made!" Ike laughed.

"Oh God, I have. I've been a demented slut. I'm a whore. A drug whore." she

cried while they laughed and taped.

"Here! Enjoy." Bruno threw down her cigarette case.

"Oh God, I hate these. I absolutely hate them!" Julie the broken girl cried.

But still, she pulled one out and lit it. She sucked hard and deep. A third

of the Camel was gone in the first drag. She blew the smoke out of her nose.

"Fuck! I hate cigarettes. I fucking hate them!" She took another long drag.

She got up, wobbly. She turned and faced the mirror on the back wall. "Oh my

god!" She began crying. "What have I become?" she said to the mirror.

"Well, obviously a heavy smoker. At least seven packs a day of those

unfiltered Camels." Bruno smiled.

Julie looked at her cigarette. "No shit."

"No shit." Ike replied. "And you drink about a fifth and a half of tequila

every day."

"Jesus. I'm an alcoholic."

Bruno grinned. "You take God knows how many pills."

"Every day?"

"Every day."

"Oh God forgive me."

Ike pointed in the mirror. "Look at yer veins."

Julie saw, on every possible vein, needle marks and scars, many infected. "I'm

a junkie? A fucking heroin junkie?"

"Oh yeah. You shoot up four or five times a day." Bruno laughed. "Should we

tell her about the crack?"

"Great, I'm a junkie crack whore. I suppose that you're going to make me

fuck

you now."

"I don't think so." Ike mockingly frowned.

"What? I'm not good enough?"

"No, you were quite good. We all had you. It's just that we don't want to

catch the clap." Bruno laughed.

"Or syphilis." Ike smirked.

"What about the genital warts?" Bruno countered.

"And herpes is out of the question!" giggled Ike.

"Oh, and darn, somehow, you aren't HIV positive. Wasn't for lack of trying

though." Bruno faked concern. "You'll try harder later."

"I will?" asked Julie, honestly shocked, staring at her horrid reflection.

"Oh, yes. You will." said Ike. "Here, do it." He handed her a rubber hose

and a syringe that was full of a brownish, milky liquid.

"I don't have a choice, do I?"

"Nope." Ike and Bruno said in unison.

She took a long, final drag on the Camel and flicked it on the floor. She

wrapped the hose around her arm. The needle found it's mark. Julie, tears

falling, depressed the plunger. She looked her reflection in the eye and as

she removed the hose said, "Goodbye Julie."

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she fell to the ground, writhing and

convulsing. She vomited, pissed and shit on herself. She flopped around on

the floor for five minutes. Then she lay quiet.

When she awoke, if her drugged existence could be called waking, she saw a

familiar face across the room.

"Mommy..."

Ch. 25

"Yes dear. Everything's going to be alright." It was the woman that she had

run away from that day six months ago. Her Mother.

She was different though. If she remembered anything well at this point. She

was worn looking. Her eyes were sunken with dark rings under them. She had

scores of needle marks. She was severely thin. Except her tits. They were

enormous! They looked like two extra large softballs in a pair of long gym

socks. They hung down below her navel. They were absolutely engorged. The

skin at the bottom was shiny and taught. The thin stretched area between her

chest and the rest of her tits was covered in deep, wide stretch marks. The

tits were covered in blue veins. The nipples were dark and long.

In addition, her Mom was as hairy as she was. And she was smoking a Camel!

"Mommy, you look different." Cunt woozily said.

"I'm better honey. Your friends have shown me a better life."

"I'm thirsty Mommy. So thirsty."

"Here honey, here." Judith picked up her right tit and placed the wrinkled,

long, dark brown nipple in her daughters' mouth.

"Mmmmmmm...." Cunt moaned as her Mother's warm milk flowed into her parched

mouth.

"Oh, yes. Suckle, baby, suckle. Drink your Momma's milk." Judith moaned and

threw her head back. She was getting off on this. She used her free hand to

masturbate. Awkwardly, they both went to the floor, Cunt still attached to the

nipple. Her left tit fell between her side and her left arm, resting on the

floor it was so long.

Bruno whispered something to Ike and left the room. Cunt crawled over her

Mother and picked up the left tit, letting the right one fall to the floor with

a thud. She now contentedly suckled the left tit.

A minute later, a large puppy ran into the room. It immediately ran to

Judith's right side. It found the teat and suckled. Judith moaned even more

blissedly.

Ch. 26

After a while, Judith sat up, the puppy still hanging from her grotesque tit,

and said, "Let me see your mouth honey."

Cunt sat up and smiled, showing her missing front teeth and numerous sores

around her lips and mouth.

"Oh, beautiful! Come here!" Judith rolled over and down, grasping her

daughter's head in her hand. She licked the teen's lips. Then, she kissed her

full on the mouth, plunging her tongue deep into her child. Her hand roamed to

one of Cunt's tits. "Ooooh, what are these?" she asked, feeling small

prickles.

"They're my bots." Cunt replied.

"What are bots, child?" asked Judith.

"They're flesh eating maggots that live under my skin, eating my flesh.

They're almost mature, ready to come out. Want to feel their breathing tubes?"

"Yes, yes." Judith lovingly stroked her daughters hideous, ruined, maggot

filled tit bags. "Ooooh, nice. I want some."

"We'll get you some soon." Bruno interrupted. "Now, get to know each other

better for the camera!"

"Ooooh, they're prickly!" Judith purred.

"Lick them Mommy."

Judith licked her fourteen year old daughter's tit bags. Each time her tongue

ran across a maggot's breathing tube, it would writhe and convulse, sending the

teen whore into ecstasy.

"Darling, there are tubes coming out of your nipples. Several of them!"

"Lick them, suck them Mommy!" her daughter begged.

"I shall dear." The mother licked the pierced, stretched, swollen full of

maggots nipples. She began sucking on them.

"Oh God Mommy. Oh God you're good. Suck harder. Suck harder, please!" Cunt

begged. "Suck one out! Suck a maggot out!"

Judith sucked harder on the left nipple. The bot maggots shook crazily. They

shuddered.

"Harder Mommy, harder. I want to see one in your mouth!"

"Mmmmmmmm. Mmmmmmmmm." Judith moaned and made loud sucking noises.

"Owwww! Oh God, it hurts! It hurts so good. Owwww, fuck!" the teen screamed.

Judith lifted her mouth from her daughters' nipple. There, protruding from an

obscenely large, stretched hole in the areola, was a maggot. It was easily an

inch and a quarter across and writhed like there was no tomorrow.

"Isn't it beautiful Mommy?"

"Yes, child, it is."

Judith again sucked on the grotesque teat, maggot and all. She sucked harder

than ever.

"Fuck! Ouch, ouch, ouch. Fuck, that hurts! Suck harder Mommy, you God Damn

bitch! Suck!" the teen demanded.

Suddenly, a loud, wet, hollow sound came from the teens' teat. Judith opened

her mouth, showing the still wriggling, inch and a half wide, two inch long

maggot on her tongue.

"Holy shit!" Ike yelled.

"What?" Bruno asked.

Ike pointed at Cunt's tit. She had all but passed out. On the side of her

nipple, in the areola, was an inch and a quarter wide hole. You could see

inside the festering pit that the maggot had eaten out.

"Wake up, bitch!" Bruno yelled as he kicked Cunt in the head.

"Sorry sir." Cunt sat up. She fingered the hole in her nipple. A small

amount of putrefaction was on her finger. She licked it off. "Mmmmm."

"Fantastic! That's our girl!" Ike smiled.

Cunt smiled back a toothless grin.

"Here honey." Judith held the wiggling fly larvae between her teeth.

"Sharing."

As she kissed the youngster, they both bit down. They then both smiled for the

camera, each showing a still trembling maggot half, its' innards slowly gliding

down their chins. They then chewed and finished their little snack.

"My love, I'm very jealous of your intestinal pets that Ike and Bruno have told

me about."

"Should I give her some pets sirs?" the teen asked as she and her incestuous

mother both lit two Camels each.

"Yes, you fucking whore. Give her some." Bruno smartly replied.

They both Bogarted their cigarettes, then flicked them away. They blew smoke

at each other's faces. They breathed in each other's smoke, savoring it.

"Lay down, Mommy. I'm going to feed you some pets."

"Ooooh, yes, my love. My lover." Judith lovingly said to her daughter. She

lay on her back. Cunt then squatted over her mother's face. The men got down

on the floor with two cameras to record this twisted, incestuous event. "Eat

my shit, Mommy."

"Yes, lover."

Cunt bore down hard and grunted. Her piles popped out. Her mother licked

every bit of filth from them. Cunt put her arms across her stomach, bent over

and pushed hard. Slowly, her cluster covered sphincter opened and a fat,

worm

covered turd began to slide out. Some of the various parasites fell on

Judith's tongue. She swallowed them greedily and stuck her tongue back out.

Eventually, a hard, two inch wide log of her own daughter's shit, nine inches

long, fell on Judith's tongue. She chewed it bit by bit. She used her tongue

to spread it on her teeth, then smiled for the camera. Worms were all over her

teeth, lips and chin. She smeared some on her hideous tits, some in her hairy,

smelly armpits. She put about three inches of it in her cunt. Then, Cunt

kissed her with her canker covered mouth.

"Lay back, you fucking whore daughter of mine." Judith smiled.

Cunt laid back on the floor. Her mother began licking and plunging her tongue

into her daughter's pierced, wart and sore covered, greenish yellow cottage

cheese filled cunt. She drooled lumps of shit and worms all over the rancid,

STD filled cess pool of a cunt. She got all of the wet putritude all over her

face.

"I want all that you have, baby girl." Judith told her daughter. She then made

a fist. It plunged effortlessly into the extremely well abused fourteen year

old's fuck hole with a hideously hollow, wet sound. Large gobs of lumpy, runny

discharge shot out as Judith's arm went in up to the pit of her elbow.

"Oh God, that feels so good, Mommy." cooed Cunt as her mother's arm began to

cycle in and out of her fuck hole, elbow to wrist. The cunt hole gaped and

farted in the rhythm. Her belly heaved up and down. Her mother's fist could be

seen against her stretch mark covered abdomen.

Judith used her free hand to collect the disease ridden mess and wipe her own

cunt with it, inside and out. She fisted herself with a handful of it. She

even used four fingers to shove gobs into her shit hole. Then she noticed the

wriggling under the skin of her little girl's labia and clit hood. She began

to lick and suck the clit of her little girl's cunt.

"Hold it! Take a break." Ike walked up and came between the two females.

"Here, smoke this and some Camels." Bruno handed them a crack pipe and several

rocks. "Here, Judith, this is for you. We'll fix a special one for yer whore

daughter here." He handed Judith a syringe and a hose. Filth ran down her

chin. While Mom injected, Cunt sucked very long and very hard on the crack

pipe. When her mother removed the hose and laid back, Cunt nursed and drank

her mother's milk.

"Squeeze them hard honey. Crush their insides. Pull on them 'til they hurt.

Stretch them 'til they don't come back. I want them long enough to rub my clit

with the nipples and shoot my own milk into my fuck hole! I want more stretch

marks!"

"Yes mommy. I want that too."

The men came back in. Cunt was nursing her mom's teat, a Camel and a crack

pipe while abusing her mom's tit bags. "Hey, whore, you want to give milk like

Mom?" Bruno asked.

"Yes sir! Can I?"

"Yeah, tomorrow we'll give you a shot."

"Thank you sirs!"

"Now," said Ike, holding a large syringe and hose, "here's yer regular shot.

Judith, get ready. This is always fun!"

"Yes sir!" she was sitting, nursing on her own right tit. She let it go and it

plopped down below her navel, shooting a little milk into her cunt hair.

Ike gave Cunt the hose. She tied off her left arm and struggled to find a good

site amongst all of the scars, scabs, infectious sores and collapsed veins.

Six months of intensive drug abuse had taken its toll on the little girl's

body. Finally she found one. She stuck the large, full, 20cc syringe into the

vein. She depressed the plunger, making a large swelling. She undid the hose,

the swelling dissipated and she fell back. The needle fell out and Bruno picked

it up.

"Watch this, slut."

"Yes sir." Judith replied, staring at her daughter.

Within moments, Cunt began to tremble, writhe and foam at the mouth. As she

began to vomit up shit and worms, Judith placed her mouth on her daughters'.

She swallowed all that she could.

"Yo! Whore! Get ready, the other end usually blows about now!" Ike was

laughing hard. So was Bruno.

Judith rolled her daughter over on her stomach. She spread her cheeks and

started down with an open mouth, every intention was to put her mouth on her

little girl's sphincter. When she was still a foot and a half away,
however,

her face, hair, tits and mouth were spewed with what seemed to be gallons of

liquid shit and worms. Then she pissed. Judith ate and drank all that she

could of her little girl's effluent. As her daughter began convulsing all over

the floor, Judith spread the mess all over herself. Everywhere that she could

reach.

Eventually, Cunt calmed down and lay still. Judith slid between her daughter's

thighs. Cunt smiled a stupid, mindless toothless grin and drooled down her

chin and neck to her chest. Several million more brain cells had permanently

closed up shop. The men wondered how many more that they could kill without

killing her. Not that it mattered, they could always get another.

Judith used her tongue to find the little spike closest to the center of the

golf ball sized bulge over her little girl's clit. This would be the maggot

that lived on her clit. When she located it, the bot writhed furiously. This

stimulated Cunt's clit and she in turn writhed and moaned. Judith sucked hard

and long.

"Oh, Mommy, suck harder. Suck it out and share it with me! Oh, Dammit!

Suck!"

"Hold it, hold it. Let's see what we've got." As Ike pushed Judith away from

the teenager a few inches, he focused the camera in. "Great! This is good."

The maggot was poking out about an eighth of an inch and was almost vibrating.

It climbed back in, leaving a small hole.

"Ok, whores, back at it!" Bruno shouted.

"Yes sir." the females said together.

Judith began sucking anew and her teenager moaned and drooled.

"Fuck! Fuck! Dammit it hurts better than the first! Suck it out bitch, suck

it fuckin' out! Mommy you God damn whore, suck that maggot out of my fucking

clit! Fuck! I love this pain!"

Bruno called for another close up. The flesheater was out about an inch. It

wriggled madly to get back in. "Wait for it!" They filmed until the larvae

was all the way back in before letting the females continue.

"Fucker!" Cunt teased.

But Bruno didn't take it as a joke. He stomped on her face. When he lifted

his heavy boot, Cunt's nose was mostly on the right side of her face and

bleeding.

"Whoa, man, don't damage the merchandise. Idiot!" Ike yelled.

"Sorry, man, I didn't think."

"Oh, fuck! This pain is beautiful." Cunt slurred.

"That's some good shit we gave her." Ike smiled. "Hold still, whore." With a

grab and a crunch, Cunt's nose was reset. Sort of. It was now a little

shorter and hooked to the right, like a boxer's. The once pretty little girl

was getting to be an uglier and uglier old whore.

"Continue whores." Ike ordered.

Judith sucked on the maggot's hole. After about ten minutes, Cunt screamed.

Judith sat up, the larvae, an inch and three quarters long and an inch and a

half wide, wriggling between her teeth.

"Here, lover." Judith said through her teeth as she kissed her daughter. When

they parted, each had a half, still writhing, maggot. They chewed it up and

showed the pieces to the camera. They then kissed, swapping the parts on their

tongues.

"Here, Mommy." Cunt stuck her finger into the gaping hole over her clit. It

came out with a glob of greenish putrefaction that trailed a string back

into

the hole. Judith sucked it off of her finger and licked her lips. Then, cunt

got some more rancid filth out of the hole and ate it herself.

When filming stopped, the two chain smoked Camels two at a time. They laughed

at how Cunt could blow smoke out of only one nostril of her newly disfigured

nose.

As they lay down to sleep, Judith played with the rancid smelling mess in her

cunt. There seemed to be more than she had originally stuffed into it.

Ch. 27

When Judith woke up, her young daughter's head was under her arm. She was

licking her armpit hair.

"You like?"

"God yeah. You're delicious." the teen replied.

"I haven't bathed in two months."

"That explains it. I love your rich, natural scent and smell, mommy."

Judith lit up a Camel as her daughter nuzzled up to her left tit.

"Gosh, your tits are even larger than yesterday!"

"Yeah, they put something in my drugs everyday. I have to nurse several times

a day or they hurt horribly. I often nurse puppies, calves and colts."

Ike and Bruno walked up.

"Here", Ike said as he handed them syringes. "Shoot up!"

The two took their needles. They were dull and visibly filthy. They each

found sites and shot up. They then sat on the floor and smoked Camels and

crack.

"Here, draw me a little blood." said Bruno to the fourteen year old. Cunt did

and gave him the now refilled needle.

"Now, Judith, you fucking wore, finish removing those bots from your daughter."

"Yes sir!" Judith smiled, then began sucking her girl's tit.

Cunt screamed in pain and ecstasy at her mother for two hours. When it was

over, the girl had gaping holes all over her tits and cunt. Her tits were now

limp, flaccid bags again. Her labia were empty again, also. The holes oozed

what little putritude that the pair had not ingested. The room reeked of

decaying flesh. They then ate and drank each other's piss and shit.

"When I catch those worms of yours, my weight problems are over!" Judith

laughed.

"You want to increase your chances, mommy?"

"Yes dear."

"Then suck my ass!" The teen sat on her mother's face and sprayed runny,

liquid, lumpy, worm filled shit on it. Judith ate it up, spreading some on her

tits and under her hairy armpits. When she was done moving her bowels, Cunt

grunted and strained. A large dollop of greenish yellow, lumpy discharge

fell

out of her fuck hole and into her mother's mouth.

That afternoon, Ike walked into the room. "Congratulations, Cunt, yer HIV

positive!"

Judith hugged her daughter. "My baby! I'm so proud. You're going to come

down with AIDS! What a good little whore you've become! Tell me sir, does she

have everything that you want her to have and give to me?"

Ike looked at a clipboard. "Hmmmm. Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Clamidia, Chancre,

Venereal warts, Yeast, HIV.....who could ask for more?"

"My baby. My girl. Can I share a needle with my baby?"

"Yer the same blood type. It's time for another injection, Cunt, give Mama

some of that putrid, filthy blood of yours."

"Yes sir." Cunt smiled and drew deep on the crack pipe. She then shot up with

a filthy needle. When done, she withdrew 20cc's of her filthy, infected,

deadly blood.

"Thank you child." said Judith as she injected her daughter's blood into her

vein. She then shot up her usual injection, grinned and chowed down on the

runny, lump filled slop in her daughter's cunt.

Bruno appeared from around the corner. "Now our plans are almost complete."

"Yes, brother, yes they are.

Ch. 28

"You two whores have been good lately." It was Ike. "I've got a treat for you." He placed a tray before them on the floor. "Clydesdale shit patties with dog shit topping."

"Mmmmm. Thank you!" smiled Judith as she awakened..

"Yes, thank you!" gleamed Cunt.

The two got down on all fours and ate the feces like animals.

"Ow!" Cunt exclaimed. "My tits hurt. Look!"

Cunt's tits looked like her incestuous mother's, but much larger. They were like large grapefruits hanging in gym socks. The nipples were enormous and even darker. The bot scars were stretched out. Pus still leaked from them.

They drug on the ground as Cunt was still on all fours.

"Oooooh, I want to be first!" said Judith as she lay underneath her daughter

and suckled the right tit.

"Ooooh, this seems good." Cunt said as she suckled her mother in a sort of 69

breastfeeding.

A few minutes later, two calves were brought in. A wooden rig was also brought

in. The men put Cunt into the rig so that she lay prone, about two and a half

feet off of the floor. Her pendulous breasts hung down, swaying wildly. The

calves were led to her, one on each side. As soon as they got near Cunt's

tits, they began to nurse. Her milk was still slow, so they began to punch the

tits with their snouts to encourage the flow.

"Ow! Oh god, ouch." Cunt cried.

"They'll do that until yer milk comes down good. Could be a half hour or so."

Ike said.

The calves got a good flow going in fifteen minutes. They nursed another

fifteen. When the calves were led away, Cunts enormous titbags were half the

volume they had been a half hour before. They were wrinkled and stretched.

When she was stood up out of the rig, the wrinkled, hole covered titbags hung

to her navel. The black hairs on her nipples were covered with drying milk and

calf saliva.

Cunt developed a thirst for water. The men gave her some, but mostly she drank

more tequila. Throughout the day, her titbags produced more milk and

refilled. Judith nursed some, but there was so much that the calves were

brought back in. Four and five times a day, she fed her calves. Each time,

they engorged more distendedly and hung down lower. Each time, the calves

emptied them more completely. Large, blue veins were showing on the

ridiculously shaped udders. Cunt would now shoot up using these new and

untapped veins.

When the titbags were well drained, sucked absolutely dry, they were like

large, emptied balloons with deep wrinkles and stretch marks. The areoli were

as big around as saucers and wrinkled as prunes. The nipples were an inch

thick and four inches long. The udders now hung down to her thighs when she

sat on the floor.

Cunt and her mother suckled each other frequently. The udders on the whores

were tremendous.

Ch. 29

One morning, the sluts awoke, did their first drugs of the morning, and started

smoking their Camels and crack while waiting to be milked. Their swollen,

distended titbags ached, even through the heroin and painkillers. Large, blue

veins bulged out all over them, especially around their areolas. But, as big

as they were, they still hung down, almost to their crotches. They ate their

breakfast, dog shit and piss, from a tray.

"This is going to be fun!" Ike said as he and Bruno came in. They rolled in

some IV racks with several bottles of clear liquid.

"Get in the chairs!" Bruno ordered.

The whores sat in the chairs at the bottom of the racks. The men strapped them

into the chairs with leather straps. The men then took long, very fine needles

and hooked them up to bottles and IV tubing. Ike took the needles and drug the

tips through the tray of waste. They then stuck the needles through the

nipples of the slut's left tits, deep into the tissue. The liquid was then

allowed to enter the titbags through a small electric pump.

"Ooh! This feels weird. What is it sirs?" Cunt asked.

"Pure silicone oil, bitch. We're gonna pump you and yer mom's tits up 'til

they're like fuckin' blimps!" Bruno leered.

"Gimme big tits. Big, gigantic tits!" Judith pleaded.

"Oh, yeah, that's what you two cunts are gonna have!" Ike smiled.

Each of the left tits began to swell. After about an hour, their left tits

were each well over H cups. They were round, like beach balls. With the right

titbags still being floppy saggers, the bitches looked absurd. The men

withdrew the needles, rubbed them in the feed trays again, then began on the

right tits.

Ch. 30

"Now you look like a common biker slut." Ike was speaking.

"Really?" Cunt grinned her toothless grin, a Camel dangling.

Cunt's hair had been bleached blonde, leaving inch and a half long black roots.

She had on her old outfit, stained and tattered. The yellow lycra halter top

was truly a misfit on her mammoth, basketball-sized HH tits. It now couldn't

cover her huge, dark, hairy brown areolas. They peeked from the bottom and

both sides of each tiny triangle of fabric. The nipples were bunched up in the

tight material. Her dozen or so remaining ticks could be seen through the

filthy fabric. The hyper-mammaries quivered like jello. Her miniskirt had

been hemmed up. Hairy ass cheeks brazenly hung out. Long, wrinkled, black,

leathery labia covered in huge lumps of venereal warts hung down obscenely.

Her flabby hairy gut hung over the waist of the skirt about four inches. She

had on her black fishnet stockings. Her leg hair protruded wildly through

them. The formerly white lace ankle socks were now yellow and brown. The

shoes she had worn eight months ago had broken some time back. She now wore

borrowed shoes. They were red, seven inch high, come fuck me pumps.

In addition, some of the more artistic in the club had been busy day and

night

tattooing the now depraved teenaged mega-drug-whore. She had a cigarette

smoking skull on her right tit and a smoking devil head on her left. Both tits

were covered in tattooed cigarette smoke. Six inch wide Celtic bands surrounded

her upper arms and nine inch bands covered her thighs. On her lower abdomen,

in gothic type, were the words "FUCK HOLE" with an arrow pointing down to her

cunt. On her ass cheeks, similarly "SHIT HOLE" appeared. The base of her

spine had a Celtic design that when looked at closely, could be seen to be

composed of different words for whore and slut. Her upper back was covered

with the words "DOG FUCKING WHORE" in red gothic lettering. A cum spurting

large dog cock, knot and all, spanned from the bottom to the top tattoo.

Cunt was now ready for her mission.

Ch. 31

Bruno had Cunt on the back of his Harley, much as he did seven months ago.

Only seven months ago, she had been a clean shaven, sweet perfumed, pure virgin

dressed as a bad girl wanna be. Now, she was the antithesis of all that. She

had black rooted bleach blonde hair. Her clothes were obscenely small and

tight. She hadn't shaved in three quarters of a year. She hadn't really

bathed in as long. She reeked of heavy body odor, excrement and decay. While

she had wrapped her arms around her master back then, her breasts were so large

with free flowing silicone oil and drug induced milk, that she could barely

reach his ribs.

As they rode through the darkness, a glow could be seen over a distant hill.

They came closer and closer until it was obvious that the source of light was

just over the next crest. Bruno pulled over and stopped.

"Alright, here's the deal." he said.

"Yes sir?" Cunt inquired. She was fairly well out of it. Extra drugs had been

used to keep the whore functional through the pain of her inflated titbags.

"Now, you walk the rest of the way in. It's about three miles. You'll find a

biker club, our rivals. Don't tell anyone that you know us. Walk and talk

like the fucking piece of shit whore that you've become. Fuck, suck and eat

everyone and often. Stay on your back or knees or whatever. Just fuck. Do it

however and to whoever. Give the bastards and bitches all that you have. I'll

pick you up in a week. Got it?"

"Yes sir."

"Then go."

Cunt turned and walked down the road.

After about an hour she came upon an encampment circled by old buses. As she

walked from between two of the vehicles and into the light of a bonfire, she

sucked hard on her Camel and said as she exhaled, "Can anybody help a horny

little whore?"

Cat calls galore echoed in the night. Cunt walked closer to the fire and with

the last drag, lit another Camel. "Well, anybody wanna FUCK!"

It seemed that the men leapt up and were on top of Cunt en masse. They were

fucking her in the dirt. As they fucked her hard and furious, her now

distended HH titbags wobbled crazily. They were like living, scarred beach

balls attached to her small chest by thin stems of stretched flesh. As she was

fucked, her tiny, yellow halter top worked its way to the sides of the

cartoonish mammaries. This exposed her nipples and the six ticks on each. The

gang member currently fucking her, the fifth, ripped the ticks out one by one.

Cunt trembled with orgasms from the pain. Her next fuck tried to squeeze both

tits. His hands could not grasp them because of their enormous size. So he

grabbed one in both hands and squeezed. Infected milk spewed in all

directions! A woman knelt beside her and drank the milk as it sprayed her

mouth and face. An enormous cock was laid on her chancre covered mouth. She

sucked it off. Women ate her hideous cunt. Some were forced to.

After some time, Cunt was swallowing a huge load of cum that fell from a pussy

being rubbed on her nasty lips. It was an orgy centered on Cunt. Every one

gravitated to this new bitch.

She was getting a little sick. "Who's got me some smack?"

One of the men yelled at a young girl, maybe fifteen, who had a needle in her

arm and about to inject. She removed the needle and gave it to Cunt. Cunt

stuck the needle into one of the huge bulging veins near her left nipple. She

then gave the needle back to the girl, who used it to finish shooting up. Cunt

was spreading herself around.

For six days, Cunt was fucking, sucking, eating, being eaten, sharing needles

and in general, spreading her body fluids around. This had been Bruno and

Ike's primary goal from the beginning. The rival gang was doomed. On the

seventh day, when everyone had drifted to sleep, Cunt walked back up the road.

Her clothes were even filthier. Cum was caked all over her.

Bruno was waiting and rode her back to the club.

Ch. 32

"Where's Momma?" Cunt asked as she was lain, naked, on a gurney.

"She's working on a job for us. Don't worry about it." Ike ordered.

"Yes sir."

Needles were again inserted through her nipples deep into her tremendous,

scarred and bruised mammaries. But this time, as the electric pump ran, her

breasts shrank, or better said, deflated. After quite some time, the pump

was

turned off. When her titbags had been pumped up the skin had been stretched

severely. Now that the silicone oil was nearly all gone, only the milk filled

ends were full. These ends sat on the table on either of her sides next to her

elbows. The remaining scar covered skin was lined with long, deep stretch

marks. The tits were very thin, but wide and floppy. The tattoos were

distorted beyond recognition.

"Stand up, you walking sack of fucking shit!" Bruno snapped.

"Yes sir."

She had not been milked since yesterday. The globular, milk filled ends of her

tits were larger than the largest of grapefruits. But these portions of her

breasts were swinging at the level of her twat! Between the ends and her

chest, the flesh was so wrinkled, it appeared pleated, like the throat of a

baleen whale. The blue veins snaked all over them, bulging out from the

surface and radiating from the dark, wrinkled, saucer sized, hairy areolas.

"Sit on the floor, you sack of shit!" Bruno ordered.

As she did so, her titbags piled into her lap. The slackness of them allowed

them to fold in the middle covering the fat, milk engorged ends.

"Now, spread yer legs and stuff those ugly ass tits into yer cunt." Ike told

her.

With only a little effort, first the left, then the right tit was stuffed into

her insanely gaping fuck hole. Greenish yellow curds oozed out as she did.

"Now," said Bruno,"squeeze yer legs together real tight and stand up straight."

"Yes sir."

As her legs squeezed together, milk and curds poured out. As she stood, her

titbags were still slack until she was about six inches from fully erect. As

they went taught, she strained to stand. Familiar tearing sounds came from her

chest as she stood and smiled her toothless grin.

"Now, slowly spread 'em." Ike smiled.

As she did, a loud, sucking "Plop!" could be heard as the ruined mams rushed

out of their confinement. They were covered in curds.

"Bro, as fun as these are, I liked 'em better big and full."

"Yeah, Ike, but we're out of silicone."

"I have an idea, sirs." Cunt smiled, two Camels in her large gapped smile.

Ch. 33

Two two gallon plastic jerry cans were on the shelves of the tit injection

apparatus. While they were opaque, you couldn't see through them. They were

filled with a dark brown liquid. A multitude of white specs a lines writhed

about in it. It was dog shit. Just enough dog piss had been added to give it

the consistency of toothpaste. The needles at the ends of the hoses were much

larger in diameter than before. They looked more like nails.

"Ready Cunt?" Ike asked.

"Yes sir." Cunt was loaded up on her bizarre chemical blend. She was chain

smoking Camels heavily, two or more at a time.

"Just for good measure and lubrication!" Bruno grinned as he dipped the massive

needles in the filth of the cans.

As the two needles were forced into the spheres at the ends of the floppy

titbags, the nipples turned in on themselves as the needles pulled them into

the tits. The perverse child whore barely grimaced. The pump was switched

on. The bags could be seen to fill. Cunt continued to chain smoke, but

started adding a little crack in between handfuls of Camels. After about an

hour and a half, the jerry cans were empty and saggers were again full - massively so. Now they were three quarters again larger! Enormous, two gallon each, dog shit and piss filled, pumpkin sized tits! Huge, bulging blue veins pulsed on their surface. The needles were yanked out. Shit and piss mixed with milk oozed slowly out, like thin chocolate toothpaste. Suddenly a door opened.

"Oh, yes!"

It was Judith. She ran in, her large breasts wobbling all about.

"Can I sirs?"

"Of course." Bruno said.

She suckled on the filth filled orbs for all she was worth. While she did, she

fisted her daughter's putrid, puss filled cunt up to her elbow.

"Oh Momma! Oh Momma, I'm cumming!" Cunt screamed.

"Stop! We need to change tape!" yelled Ike.

"Hell no! I'm cumming!" Cunt smiled in ecstasy.

"You worthless sack of shit whore!" Bruno yelled as he kicked her in the

titbags.

"Aaaaaaa!" Cunt screamed in pain as both tits tore wide open, spewing shit,

piss and worms all over her and her incestuous mother.

Her mother began licking the inside of the torn breast tissue. She grabbed it

in both hands and tore them open wider to get at every meaty bit.

Cunt passed out. Even with all of the drugs, it was too much. She was gone.

CH. 34

Before she opened her eyes, in that moment of first awakening, Julie

realized

that she felt no pain. She slowly pulled the covers over her head. She looked

at her breasts. Perfect 32-B's. Her pits. Shaved. Her arms. No track

marks. She through off the covers, leapt out of bed and stood in front of the

mirror.

"Damn. All a dream. What a wild dream though."

She put on her skimpy sheer yellow halter top, black leather mini skirt with no

undies, fishnets and the rest of her outfit.

"I'm going for a walk before Mom wakes up." she smiled.

She snuck out into a sunny day. She walked for miles. She walked for hours.

She felt so good. About noon, she rounded a corner and saw an old filling

station. As she walked up to it, a biker, big ugly and nasty, pulled up to the

pumps. Julie walked up to him.

"Got a smoke?" she asked.

"Sure." said the biker. He handed her a Camel and lit it with his lighter.

She inhaled long and deep.

She suppressed a cough as she exhaled through her nose. Then she said, "Have I

got a great idea for a movie..."